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## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, written by Himself.* Translated from the original manuscript, under the immediate superintendence of the Author. Vol. I. Saunders & Otley.

AN early copy of these Memoirs, the announcement whereof has excited no common interest, has been obligingly forwarded to us. As, however, they will not be published for some days, we shall, of course, limit ourselves to extract, reserving critical examination and judgment for a future occasion.

After a brief enumeration of the different members of his family, then residing together in Corsica, the Prince premises that it is his intention solely to confine himself to such details and recollections as concern public affairs. His family were already staunch revolutionists, and, as he declares, wholly French in feeling.

"It was, I believe, in 1792, that a numerous fleet, commanded by the brave Admiral Truguet, sailed from Toulon, laden with troops directed against Sardinia. This fleet came to an anchorage in our beautiful bay. As soon as it became known, the whole population of Ajaccio scattered themselves on the sea-shore. The sails dotted the horizon, and shone in the splendours of a cloudless sky. I set out immediately, and collected some members of the club, who, in the absence of my two seniors, were delighted to follow me. I placed myself at their head, exclaiming, 'Behold our brothers! Behold the tri-colour flag!' We ran like madmen the length of the shore, as if we could the sooner join the fleet by removing ourselves from the port. The music, the flags, the discharges of musketry in token of joy, formed a part. Whilst we ran until out of breath, the vessels driven by a favourable wind, entered the bay. We perceived too late that they outstripped us, and we hastened to return back: through too great eagerness, we were the last who arrived before the fleet; but in the name of the popular society, then a new and magic power, all ranks opened before us; and, followed by a deputation, of which they proclaimed me the chief, I repaired on board the admiral's vessel.

"The troops were composed of young Marseilloise, still ill disciplined, and bringing into the service the agitation of the clubs; these young men had communicated to the ship's crews a taste for political discussions. On board each vessel they had established a popular society; so that notwithstanding their courage, these troops tried the patience of the admiral tolerably well, and their insubordination caused the failure of the expedition to Sardinia. We were hardly announced before the popular society of the admiral's vessel assembled in a public sitting in the great hall of the council. I made a discourse. The president gave us the fraternal embrace, and invited us to the honours of the sitting. The president was a clerk for the distribution of the rations: he harangued us for more than half-an-hour, in such a strain that we could hardly retain our gravity. I remember that he commenced with a voice, by turns gruff and shrill, with the gesticulations of a demoniac: 'The farther I go, the more I see that patriotism gains everywhere—the farther I go, the more I see that the brave *sans culottes* are irresistible—the farther I go, the more I see, &c. &c.' He continued thus to repeat his *the farther I go the more I see*, at least twenty times, to the great admiration of his comrades and of the sailors. As to us, he completely called to mind the comedy of *Les Plaideurs*. 'When I see the sun and when I see the moon.' The officers of the ships, who assisted at our reception, had the merit, like us, of being silent. We announced in our turn for the next day a public sitting, in order to

fraternize with the club of the vessel. We departed in the midst of patriotic acclamations. \* \*

"I was occupied at my desk in preparing the speech I was going in a few hours to deliver, when I heard a tumult still afar off; soon it became more distinct. The noise of the shutting of doors by turns was drowned with the accustomed cry of our companions, 'Serra, serra!' 'Shut, shut.' The tocsin sounded to arms. A troop of friends ran to the house, as I came out of it. We marched towards the great square, from whence the noise came. The streets were filled with armed men. Near the gate of the city a woman with her hair dishevelled, cried out, 'The Jacobins are assassinating my husband!' She was a Corsican, married to a Frenchman, who, formerly having held a part in the administration, was known for his aristocratical opinions. He was unfortunately on the pier, when the Marseilloise disembarked; he was pointed out as an aristocrat, and immediately the cry, 'Les aristocrates à la lanterne!' resounded amongst the multitude of the disembarked. But this cry, to which the Marseilloise were accustomed, intoxicated with the demagogical fanaticism, far from finding an echo amongst the good inhabitants of Ajaccio, excited their horror and their indignation. They armed themselves in a body to defend the victim.

"When I arrived in the square it was filled with the entire population, determined not to permit our walls to be dishonoured with so cowardly an outrage. The officers of the squadron recalled all the Marseilloise. Seconded by our efforts, they succeeded in hurrying them away, and consigned them to their vessels; they appeared no more on shore, and certainly we had lost all desire to fraternize with them. The fleet set sail a few days afterwards.

"This attempt at political assassination made a deep impression upon my countrymen. In our popular society we had often denounced the proposals of the agents of the ancient government; they regretted no doubt their lost places—their yoke had oppressed us—they were looked upon with an evil eye; and their long habit of command had not taught them to be prudent; but it had never entered the head of any inhabitant that a man might be killed without any motive of personal vengeance, and only because he had been powerful, or that he thought differently from us! In order to terminate at once the embarrassment which these men of the continent gave us, who had so oppressed us, and who knew not how to be silent, we resolved to send them away from the island. A vessel was prepared, and they were embarked together. 'You were not born amongst us,' we said to them, 'and although become Frenchmen, we cannot see fellow citizens in the agents of the tyranny which has so long borne us down. We have saved the life of one of your number; we have spared you from every violence; but your presence and your evil proposals trouble us; we desire no more of them. Go home, and leave us tranquil.'"

To this follows a sketch and character of Paoli, who was then returned to Corsica, "weary and discontented. We had for a long time," continues the Prince, "offered up prayers for his return. The enthusiasm which his name alone inspired, gave him a superior moral force over the government. He was the friend, the father, the idol of the towns and hamlets." The young Lucien had been appointed by the popular society to deliver a discourse in the presence of the hero. This harangue in praise of a republican government, followed by a second on a subject of more closely individual interest—the death of the curate of Guagno, who, surrounded in the hollow of a ravine by the Genoese troops, preferred a death by hunger, to taking the oath of obedience to the invaders of his country,—gained him the warmest applause. Paoli em-

braced him, and called him his little Tacitus, and declared that thenceforth he should never leave him.

"The village of Rostino is situated on the mountains, and composed only of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal but well-served table several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father: but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those calls, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino.

"Notwithstanding my enthusiasm, upon reflecting one day on the prodigious memory of Paoli, I began to question myself how it was possible. That same scene, repeated several times at each walk, and almost in the same terms, ended by inspiring me with doubts. I was as much as I could be on the side of my hero. I began by observing all the preparations for these daily walks: a monk went always to the cabinet of Paoli before he walked out: I slyly followed him, and I beheld him for several successive days descend into the middle of the crowd, and talk with the chiefs of those who were waiting for an audience. . . . I was upon the track for making discovery: it appeared evident to me that the precursor monk supplied, by his confidential reports, the memory of the patron. I must own that discovery displeased me; although I observed how greatly that paternal friend rendered so many good old men happy, the shadow of a deception offended my young imagination, and cooled a little my enthusiasm."

The thick-crowding events of the Revolution, however, separated the old chief from his more ardent young friend, who overlooked, from that distance, the horrors of the Reign of Terror, for the sake of the mighty deliverance to the liberties of France, which he conceived that they accomplished. The two parted.

"I quitted Rostino, and I returned to Ajaccio, to keep our friends in their duties. Joseph ceased to have any influence in the departmental administration. Napoleon rejoined the representatives of the people at Bastia. The opinion of Paoli influenced the whole island. On the 26th of April 1793, Corsica renounced France."

Lucien was then nominated by the popular society as chief of a deputation to be sent to Marseilles, to solicit the prompt aid of their Jacobin allies there. He had scarcely departed when the insurrection broke out; and while waiting for the French fleet, Paoli attempted to seize Madame Bonaparte, as hostage, in the vain hope of thereby recalling her sons from the expedition. The mother of Napoleon, however, escaped only just in time.

"Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, she beheld her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. . . . She at first imagined that she was surprised by her enemies; but by the light of a torch of fir, which fell upon the countenance of the chief, she felt reassured: it was Costa di Bastelica, the most devoted of our partisans. 'Quick, make haste, Signora Letizia! Paoli's men are close upon you; you have not a moment to lose; but here I am with

all my men. We will save you, or perish with you!"

"Bastelica is one of the most populous villages in Corsica, situated at the foot of Monte d'Oro, in the middle of a forest of chestnuts, the growth of centuries: it contains inhabitants renowned for their courage and audacity, and for unbounded fidelity in their affections. One of these intrepid hunters, while traversing the chain of mountains which separates the island into two parts, had encountered a numerous troop descending towards Ajaccio. He learnt that this troop were to be introduced during the night into the town by the party of Paoli, and to carry off our family prisoners to Mostino. He had even heard it affirmed that they were to take all the children of Charles alive or dead. To return like an arrow to his village, and inform the chief of our partisans, to arm all who had a gun or a poniard, and to traverse with hasty strides the forest of Bastelica, was but the affair of a moment. After a forced march of several hours, our brave friends entered the town during the night, about three hundred in number, having only preceded our enemies by a few miles.

"My mother and her children arose in haste, having only time to take their clothes with them, and, placed in the centre of the column, they left the town in silence, the inhabitants being still plunged in sleep. They entered into the deepest recesses of the mountain, and, at break of day, they halted in a forest, from whence they could discover a part of the shore. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the troops of the enemy traverse the neighbouring valleys; but Providence deigned to spare them from an encounter that must have been fatal. On the same day the flames, arising in thick columns from the middle of the town, attracted the eyes of our friends. '*It is your house that is burning,*' said one of them to my mother. '*Ah! never mind,*' she replied, '*we will build it up again much better: Vive la France!*' After two nights of a march, skilfully directed, they at length perceived the sails of the French vessels. My mother took leave of her brave defenders, and rejoined her eldest sons on board the frigate of the representatives of the people. The rage of our enemies was thus reduced to expend itself upon the stones of our house."

The next chapter gives a few passing sketches of the Reign of Terror. After delivering an animated address to the popular society at Marseilles, Lucien was nominated to accompany the deputies of that city, for the purpose of soliciting the aid of the Jacobin Society in Paris.

"Solitude and repose having calmed my mind, the image of that Paoli, who for so long a time had been the object of my worship, began to trouble my inmost soul, in a manner that very much resembled remorse. They had associated with me, to accompany me to Paris, a set of men, whose repulsive aspect, savage language, and the *ton* of the *Halles* in their manners, had disagreeably surprised me. After an agitated sleep, I awoke discontented and undecided. The Marseillaise deputies came to fetch me to breakfast with them at the café: I followed them. They conducted me to the Cannebière, the principal street of Marseilles. I admired that long place, surrounded with superb edifices. An immense crowd of men, women, and children were walking, and pushing against each other to get on. I inquired of one of the *Brothers and Friends*, if it was a day of festival. 'O no,' he replied, with great tranquillity, 'it is only about twenty aristocrats, who are giving us a little trouble: don't you see them?' I looked in the direction to which he pointed, and I beheld the guillotine, red with blood, at work!.... There were some of the richest merchants whom they had for above a quarter of an hour been murdering! and that crowd, whom their bounty had so often fed, were then walking in the street of the Cannebière, to enjoy the spectacle! and the shops were full of customers as usual, and the cafés were open!.... and the cakes and gingerbread were circulating around us as upon the day of a fair!!! Never shall I forget the first time I walked in the streets of Marseilles.

"I left the coffee-house, upon I know not what pretext, as soon as possible, and I declared the next day that I would not go to Paris; that the deputies

of the Marseillaise club did not want me to accompany them to fulfil their mission, and that I should await the promised succours to return to Corsica with my companions.

"A few days afterwards my fugitive family arrived in the port of Marseilles, deprived of every resource, but full of courage and in good health. Joseph, Napoleon, and myself, struggled against our ill fortune. Napoleon, an officer of artillery, devoted the chief part of his salary towards the support of his family. Joseph was appointed commissary of war, and I was placed in the administration of the military subsistences. Under the title of refugee patriots, we obtained rations of bread; and these moderate succours sufficed to maintain us, aided, above all, by the good management and economy of our excellent mother. The recital of the dangers that she had run, the burning of our property, and the order to seize us, dead or alive, that had been given by Paoli, would soon have vanquished all further scruples on my part; and I should have gone to Paris very willingly, if the Marseillaise deputation had not already set out. At the same time my employment required my presence at St. Maximin, a small town, a few leagues distant from Marseilles; and I went there to succeed the keeper of the military stores, who was promoted to the rank of inspector."

We shall give a scene or two at St. Maximin:— "About twenty, at least, of the inhabitants were confined as suspected persons. I found them commodiously lodged, and tolerably well treated. My revolutionary committee was composed of artisans and workpeople, and an ancient monk, the only one of them who could write, and who before my arrival was at their head. I was fortunate enough to inspire this ex-monk with a species of enthusiasm for me: he had nothing particularly amiable in his character, but he was not mischievous. He followed me everywhere, resigning the pre-eminence with all his heart, and was as useful to me as he could have been prejudicial. I placed him, therefore, in my administration, and gained him entirely. The situation of the suspected was ameliorated; and some of them were let out to act in patriotic pieces in a private theatre; and, above all, the committee came to the resolution not to send any of them to the butchery of Orange. One lady, very amiable and well-born, was more compromised than any of the others: she was the sister of the author of the '*Travels of Antenor*.' I had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to perform in republican pieces; but I would not give up so good an actress, and I almost forced her to take the part of Junie, with us, in the *Brutus* of Voltaire. This little act of dictatorship, however, was the means of giving liberty to our victim. We thus passed, the least terribly that we could, that most dreadful year: we were null in acts, but, in requital, we were not sparing of words and addresses to the Jacobins of Paris. As it was the fashion to take antique names, our ex-monk took, I believe, the name of Epaminondas, and I that of Brutus. All the other members of the committee followed our example; and in our sittings we could have made a vocabulary of Greek and Roman names. They have, in a pamphlet, attributed to Napoleon this borrowed name of Brutus; but it belonged only to me. Napoleon thought to elevate his own name above all those of ancient history; and if he had been desirous of figuring in such masquerades I do not think he would have chosen the name of Brutus."

But the peace and quiet in which this little community was maintaining itself, was not to last; Barras and Fréron were at Marseilles.

"Some miserable denunciator had informed them that St. Maximin had not furnished the smallest repast for the guillotine, and that in the house of our suspected, open to the families of the prisoners, they were sufficiently calm to make a practice of amusing themselves with the charms of music. They immediately took the resolution of destroying such a scandal, and two familiars of the representative inquisition were charged to put us in the right road.

"I was walking one day with the ex-monk, Epaminondas, when an old woman, whose son was among the suspected, ran towards us. 'In the name of heaven,' she cried, 'citizen president, come and defend us! They are carrying off our children to

Orange.' 'To Orange!' I exclaimed;—and without an order from the committee! Let the tocsin be instantly sounded.' We returned to the town as fast as possible; and we encountered on our road numerous persons dispersed in the fields in search of me. The whole town was in an uproar; I renewed the order to sound the tocsin, which was instantly obeyed. I then convoked the popular society and the committee upon the place which was close to the house where the prisoners were confined, and I ran thither, accompanied by about a hundred persons. The prison was surrounded by an amazed crowd, who prevented us from seeing the door of entrance. They made way for us. Five or six carts were already there, filled with a part of our prisoners, chained together. A man, girt with a tricolored scarf and a hat and feathers, presided over the ceremony, surrounded by some gendarmes, and accompanied by a secretary, beplumed like himself, was writing in his portfolio the names of the victims. The chief of the band was one of the familiars of Barras. I sprang before him. 'In the name of the law,' I cried, 'retire from hence! The revolutionary committee have not ordered any delivery of the prisoners. The popular society is about to assemble; come there, and present your authority; and in the meantime let the suspected be replaced whence they were taken. Gendarmes, release the suspected.' The familiar, surprised at my audacity, attempted at first to frighten me with the names of those who sent him: he called me a *ci-devant* and a moderate, and endeavoured to continue his work. The gendarmes, who had already in the same way cleared out several prisons, acknowledged only the mission of their chief; and the names of club and committee, so powerful to kill and destroy, were too feeble to save. Fortunately, the tocsin had raised all the population. The relatives of the victims had regained courage at my words: several were armed. I profited by my advantages, and ordered the crowds to release the captives, and the delegates to follow me to the committee. In a few moments the suspected were in their chambers, and the doors of the house, well closed, were guarded by a numerous troop, who acknowledged only my orders. Thirty victims were thus saved, and, thank God, I cared but little for the danger to which I had exposed myself with all my heart."

The end of the year 1792 was marked by the taking of Toulon. "It was 1793 that the genius of Napoleon was revealed to the French nation." The brother of Robespierre had been sent as commissary to the army of the Alps, and Napoleon appointed general of brigade.

"My family owed to the promotion of Napoleon a more prosperous situation. To be nearer to him, they had established themselves at the Château Salé, near Antibes, a few miles distant only from the head-quarters of the general; I had left St. Maximin to pass a few days with my family and my brother. We assembled together, and the general gave us every moment that was at his own disposal. He arrived one day more pre-occupied than usual, and, while walking between Joseph and myself, he announced to us that it depended upon himself to set out for Paris the next day, and to be in a position by which he could establish us all advantageously.... For my part, the news enchanted me. To go to the great capital appeared to be the height of felicity, that nothing could overweigh. 'They offer me,' said Napoleon, 'the place of Henriot. I am to give my answer this evening. Well,—what say you to it?' We hesitated a moment. 'Eh? eh?' rejoined the general; 'but it is worth the trouble of considering: it is not a case to be enthusiastic upon; it is not so easy to save one's head at Paris as at St. Maximin. The young Robespierre is an honest fellow; but his brother is not to be trifled with: he will be obeyed. Can I support that man? No, never. I know how useful I should be to him in replacing his simpleton of a commandant of Paris; but it is what I will not be. It is not yet time; there is no place honourable for me at present but the army. We must have patience: I shall command Paris hereafter!' Such were the words of Napoleon. He then expressed to us his indignation against the reign of terror, of which he announced the approaching downfall: he finished by repenting several times, half gloomy, half smiling,

"What should I do in that galley?" The young Robespierre solicited him in vain. A few weeks after, the 9th Thermidor arrived, to deliver France, and justified the foresight of the general."

"In November 1794, Carrière—(a name for which there is not a sufficient epithet in human language)—Carrière ceased to stain the soil of France. In January 1795, the cavern of the Jacobins was closed."

"In April, he who talked of the awaking of the lion,—he might with more truth have said, the awaking of the tiger,—and the other, who took the balance of the guillotine as the die for coining money, were, with one of the two executioners of Lyons, condemned to transportation. In May, the infernal judge was judged in his turn. \* \* The last part of the year 1795 was the most glorious for the convention. It knew how to subdue, in turn, the convulsions of terrorism, and the hardy conspiracies of the royalists. \* \* But while the convention substituted a great deal of good for all the evil that it had permitted to be committed, the royalists of the south had in their turn enlisted bands of assassins. The horrible cry of *ga ira*, the aristocrats to the lantern, had been succeeded by a hymn, not less horrible, called The Awaking of the People. An improvident law had ordained the disarming of the terrorists, and, under that name, all the republicans had been disarmed. It was no longer possible, therefore, to resist the counter-revolutionists. I hastened to quit St. Maximin, and set out as inspector in a military administration for the commune of St. Chaman, near the town of Certe, while Napoleon, rejected at Paris by the committee of war, thought of seeking for service in the east."

"St. Chaman was quiet enough: as chief of the administration, I was very well received. They occupied themselves with politics, like all other places, but without exaggeration. My office occupied me only a part of the day, and I went generally to pass my afternoons with a very amiable family, the most considerable in the commune, whose name I am ashamed to have forgotten. They played, in general, at little innocent games in the garden of the house, where several of the neighbours, both old and young, were assembled. I was engaged one day in declaiming I know not what verses, to redeem a pledge, when I was informed that an officer was at the door, and desired to speak to me. I made great haste to go to him, thinking it was some officer belonging to the service, and, upon seeing the person, I was surprised, but not alarmed. . . . It was the young Auguste Rey, of St. Maximin, whose parents had been fastened with cords upon one of the carts, ready to depart for the tribunal of Orange, when I delivered them. The presence of that young man, who was scarcely sixteen years of age, was agreeable to me, and I was only astonished to see him in a brilliant uniform. . . . It was the uniform adopted by the assassins of the south, too celebrated under the fantastic name of the Companions of Jesus."

"Well, Auguste, what do you want with me? and how are your parents?"

"March, brigand, and give me your hands!" was his reply; and, taking from his pocket a strong cord, he prepared to tie my hands. Resistance was useless: others of the Companions of Jesus were there. I was then strongly fastened, and conducted to my lodgings, to deliver up my papers. Auguste held the end of the cord, and menaced me with his sword, to make me go faster. All our companions of the games ran to speak in my favour, as they followed me. 'He is a Jacobin!' replied my grateful young man: 'it is now our turn to be the masters. Go on,' he cried; 'and you, citizens, be quiet, and let us alone.'

"I must own that the intervention of the young ladies was little agreeable to me; I should have preferred for them not to have seen me in so sad a plight. They took my papers, and everything that I possessed; and, after having handcuffed me, my guard made me go with him in a cabriolet, while his companions mounted on horseback, and we set off. 'Where are you going to take me? Are you going to cut my throat, as a recompense for having saved your parents?'"

"No: you have nothing to fear upon that score. I shall take you to the prison of Aix."

"To the prison of Aix! . . . Why, it is only a few days since the prisoners were massacred. It is as bad as the prison of Orange."

"It was in vain I used all my efforts to shake the resolution of my keeper. He dragged me to the prison of Aix. These young people, who had all the appearance of having been well brought up, screamed incessantly in my ear the burden of the song of the Awakening of the People: 'They shall not escape us.' In consigning me to the jailor, Auguste exclaimed, 'Here! there is another in the cage: keep good guard over him for us, against our first visit.'"

After an imprisonment of six weeks, Lucien was liberated by an order from Paris, obtained by Napoleon. He then retired to Marseilles, but presently joined his brother, who was then fulfilling the prophecy uttered at Antibes scarcely two years before, and "*commanding Paris*." He arrived there a few days after the opening of the legislative councils, and was named Commissary of War. We pass over the memoirs of the Directory, as containing fewer personal anecdotes and reminiscences than the periods comprised in the last extracts. Here, however, is a characteristic passage—its date, the year 1796:—

"Napoleon had arrived at the theatre of that great war for which he felt himself born; and from his field of victory, it sufficed for him to send some officers and arms to tear Corsica from the English and from Paoli, who disputed it with them. Already the young renown of Napoleon had effaced the former renown of the ancient chief. Among the officers sent into Corsica, was the brave Costa, of Bastelica, the defender of our family in the days of adversity."

"I had just arrived at Genoa in time to see the departure of our islanders, and to embrace Costa, for whom I had always had from my childhood a particular friendship. Had it not been for the impatience which I felt to behold, in the midst of his triumphs, my brother, already master of Lombardy, I should have set out for Ajaccio. In the course of a few days, we learnt that the whole island had revolted, and that Paoli, in despair, had taken refuge in London, where he received, till his last hour, that respect which was his due. They even wished to perpetuate that respect by erecting to his memory a tomb in Westminster Abbey. It is also in an English tomb that Napoleon reposes!!! But what a tomb! What a vengeance! O eternal shame to free men, who become the instruments of despotic kings! I fear not, noble British nation, although amidst ye, to let this fraternal cry escape me. I have travelled in your provinces; and in your palaces,—in your houses, and in your cottages,—I have often been affected with the sight of the image of Napoleon. . . . and I have exclaimed a hundred times, on beholding it, 'Here is what attests the sentiment of reparation in a nation that knows how to appreciate a hero!' Those who confined, and suffered the victim to die, upon the rock of St. Helena,—did they show themselves worthy of the great people whom they governed?"

"I had obtained permission to quit the north, to go to Milan, where our army had made its entry. Napoleon was no longer at Milan. The revolt of Pavia had just broken out: and it was said that the general was gone to the banks of the Adige, to chastise the guilty city. I hastened to Pavia: upon the road my eyes were struck with the distant reflection of a vast fire. . . . It was the village of Binasco, delivered up to the flames, to expiate the assassination of several of our straggling soldiers. I traversed the burning ruins. Pavia presented me in a few moments after with a spectacle even more deplorable. That great city had been delivered up to pillage in the morning: the traces of blood had not been effaced: the bodies of the peasants, who had refused to surrender, were not carried away: people were occupied by funeral rites within the gate by which I entered. The streets and places were transformed into a perfect fair, where the conquerors were selling to hideous speculators the spoils of the vanquished! What miseries, even in the most just of wars, in the most necessary of victories!"

And here are a few words respecting the expedition to Egypt, not to be passed over:—

"That mysterious expedition revealed itself by

the taking of Malta, while I traversed France to take my seat in the council of five hundred, to which I had been unanimously named. I was struck, during my journey, at the diversity of opinions among public men, upon the departure of Napoleon. Some, already seduced by the news from Malta, were in ecstasies at his departure, and presaged such successes, that should even efface the prodigies of Italy. Others accused the Directory of perfidy. 'The lawyers,' said they, 'wanted to get rid of a hero, who had suffered himself to be duped by them.' But the greatest number appeared to me to disapprove of the absence of the General, and of so fine an army. I strongly partook of that last opinion, which the change in our military affairs soon rendered universal. But it was to the government, far more than to the General, that those reproaches ought to have been addressed. I will not deny that an immense ambition of glory, the most noble of all egotisms, had not greatly influenced the determination of Napoleon. A victorious career upon the traces of Alexander and Caesar, must have inspired his soul; that brilliant personal future might even have dazzled him, and overcome the present interest of his country. . . . But he did not leave France without renowned Generals; and he took with him only thirty thousand men. It would have been, on his part, too great an excess of vanity, to have supposed that his presence was indispensable for the public security. The political horizon presented at that moment but very feeble presages of a new tempest. England alone was in arms against us. . . . And Egypt was the point where England was the most vulnerable; Egypt, the advanced post of war and commerce towards India, post of watchfulness towards the Bosphorus. . . . A conqueror was very justifiable in shutting his eyes upon every other consideration to spring towards that Egypt, the possession of which, assured to France, promised the abatement, more distant but certain, of London and St. Petersburg. And what weight should we not, in fact, place in the political balance, if Egypt could have remained ours: if one of our old marshals was now in the place of the great viceroy; if the valiant Clauzel, instead of triumphing over the Arabs of Atlas, were encamped with his army upon the banks of the Nile, become one of our rivers! . . . So great a result could not have been too dearly bought by all our sacrifices, and perhaps even by the disasters of Aboukir."

"Le grand General" had wished his brother to bear him company in this expedition; the latter, however, aspired towards political rather than military distinctions, and took his place in the Chamber of Representatives. From this point our extracts will be less copious, as we may probably return to this portion of the work, at a less hurried moment. A passage or two, however, will bear insulation. The following is one of the Prince's comments on his motion for order for the Cisalpine Republic in September, 1798. It will be remembered that he urged the council of five hundred to renew the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the year 3.

"The spectres of discord and aristocracy figured in my discourse. In speaking of discord, I expressed a very clear idea; and unfortunately I spoke only a melancholy truth. But what did I then mean by aristocracy? It was not the aristocracy of the peerage; for the Directory did not think of again raising at Milan that privileged caste. The question was only a reduction amongst the functionaries. It was to that reduction, then, that I gave the terrible epithet of an aristocratical measure. The measure was, notwithstanding, ill chosen: it tended only to strengthen the cradle of the Italian republic, and not to deliver it up into the hands of the enemies of the aristocracy. My figure of rhetoric was then but an imaginary spectre: notwithstanding, it had more effect than solid reasoning. Strange power of certain words in revolutions! Magic power, sometimes beneficial, too often fatal! No word had a greater influence amongst us than that of aristocrat. The anathema against aristocracy, born in 1789, has not yet grown old in 1836! It is always the same word; but to what different ideas, and often the most opposite, has it not been applied! . . . In 1789, it indicated the defenders of the abuses of the ancient régime, the blind partizans of the re-



union of all the powers in one single hand. And since that, they have transferred it in turn to the wisest defenders of the liberty of the new régime, and to the enlightened partisans of the division and equilibrium of powers. The ministers of Louis XVI., Necker, Malesherbes, Roland; Bailly, Lafayette, the Feuillants, the Girondins, the Moderates,—in one word, all those who were overthrown, received in turn that cruel epithet, the preface to the scaffold. We had passed those deplorable crises; but the word, though it had ceased to be mortal, had not ceased to be equally odious. It would have been very unwise not to let fly that arrow at one's adversaries. I did like the rest: all who were meant to be held up to public hatred were branded with that appellation. We bore some resemblance to the good people of Lower Brittany, who were so much occupied with the idea of the Gabelle, that they beheld it everywhere, even in the clock which Madame de Sevigné received from Paris! We must, however, (except we prefer an absolute to a modified monarchy,) end by reconciling ourselves with the Gabelle!"

In the memoirs of the period between the 4th of July and 18th of August, 1799, is a testimony to the character of Sieyès, which is worthy of notice:—

"In the History of M. Thiers, except the exclusive application of the title of patriots to the Jacobins, (a grave error, which cannot be too much condemned,) the author traces a brilliant picture of the Directory at that period, true upon the whole, but several of the figures in the first plan resemble it very little. It is in describing that which we have not seen ourselves, that the truth of the details are difficult to lay hold of. How did M. Thiers learn that Sieyès, in fact, with what he had seen in Prussia, tired his colleagues by repeating constantly—'*It is not thus that they do at Berlin!*' This information was furnished him, without doubt, by interested contemporaries, who were not too faithful. I saw Sieyès every day, and if he had vaunted Berlin in this stupid manner to us, we should have smiled with contempt; notwithstanding our ancient esteem for the *tiers-état*, we should have said that he was in his dotage! and far from listening to him with respect, we should have quickly sought another chief. No minister was ever less infatuated with a court: surrounded with the most fatal prejudices, our ambassador had learnt how to conquer them by a simplicity worthy of the great republic. He had placed himself far above the pitiful intrigues of a court. The day upon which, by means of some little stratagems, they succeeded in making the ambassador of another power take for a moment the first place, Sieyès sat down quietly, and said only with a loud voice, '*It is of little consequence where I am: the place which is occupied by the ambassador of the French people always becomes the first.*' If they choose to find infatuation in this great citizen, let it not be, at least, the ridiculous infatuation of being a courtier at Berlin. It is true, that Sieyès always had numerous detractors. He was not gifted with the genius of intrigue, without which we are rarely appreciated at a just value. Many of his rivals thought themselves equal to him, or at least pretended to think so: they succeeded sometimes in making others believe it, and in putting his superiority in doubt. They repeated everywhere the words of Talleyrand, the inexhaustible author of piquant sallies:—'*I hear for ever talked of the profound head of the Director Sieyès!... It is hollow, they mean to say, without doubt.*' The witty author of that epigram possessed too much solid wisdom not to find very hollow a policy, of which the best legislation of the republic was the only principle. We all laughed at his *bon-mot*; but the heads really hollow were those who took a pun for a reason."

We shall conclude this hasty selection of specimens from the Prince de Canino's Memoirs by the reflections with which the writer winds up his first volume:—

"What books, the works of falsehood, of hatred, or frivolity, calumniate the intentions, confound the epochs, and disfigure the history! 'Look,' they say, 'at the despotism of the empire, the wars without end, the invasions of France. It is Sieyès, it is the men of Brunaire, who are responsible for it all.' But if you will attribute to us the faults of the em-

pire, notwithstanding our absence, is it not just, by way of compensation, to attribute to us also a part of its glory!... Ah! who in that case would refuse being bound?... The empire!... But in what century, under what régime, was France greater, more glorious, more prosperous? Where is the Frenchman, Liberal, Carlist, Blue, or Vendean, who would efface from our history the glorious records of the empire?—Is there one amidst the thirty millions of French hearts, that does not beat with patriotic pride in thinking of the days of the empire? He must be seized with a vertigo, who would attempt to appropriate to himself the least in the world so many wonders to which he had not the happiness of contributing; but it would be rather too philosophical to suffer the errors or the wrongs to be imputed to which he had not contributed.

"Besides, though a stranger to the good or ill of the empire, may I not be permitted to reply to him who finds the ashes of Napoleon well placed at St. Helena, and to those who, like him, like to see only spots in the sun? Napoleon, without doubt, was not infallible. Spain and Russia attacked at the same time, Holland and Italy awaiting in vain their deliverance, the chief of religion persecuted after having crowned the elect of the people,—these have not occasioned reproaches without some appearance of truth. And yet, what a series of adverse combinations there needed to change into disaster the victorious campaign of Russia? If the inconceivable peace of Bucharest—that fault, so capital and so improbable, from which the Porte will never again perhaps arise—had not sent behind us a new Russian army, or that the allied corps of Austria had held it in respect—if a northern prince, born a Frenchman, after having at first defended, with justice, the interests of his adoptive country, had stopped at the cries of distress of three hundred thousand Frenchmen, struck with the most dreadful scourge—if the freezing cold had not commenced a month sooner than ordinary—if the flames kindled by hands patriotically, heroically, barbarous, had not devoured Moscow conquered—and Napoleon had found general peace, maritime peace, in those deserts of disastrous memory... then France, Europe, posterity, would not have found sufficient language to celebrate the Russian war; and the powers of the continent, and England herself, would not at this moment look at Greece, Egypt, and the Bosphorus, with so much anxiety.

"As for Spain, after twenty years of war and discord, where is she now? She is agitated by the convulsions of the most barbarous reprisals. She struggles in blood and tears to obtain that which the convention of Bayonne assured her, whatever might have been the means employed on another account to unite her. The equality of civil rights, the reform of the convents, the repression of the inquisition, our civil code, our admirable administrative system, our liberal institutions, our public instruction, all that Spain still seeks, all was in the law of Bayonne; all was guaranteed by the accepted king, acknowledged by the convention, by a just king, enlightened, and a philosopher. I have seen many Spanish statesmen in my sad travels, far from my country: and how many I have heard bitterly deplore that the throne of King Joseph had not been consolidated? Nothing, without doubt, can justify violence. Liberty itself, at the point of the foreign sword, would become hateful.... But after all, the torrent of invasion would have retired; and the fertile earth, deposited by its waves, would have rendered the Peninsula fruitful during the last twenty years.

"Poland!—could it be constituted when Austria and Prussia in arms were at the head of our allies? Moreover, that nation, whom all generous men bear in their heart,—did she, during the Russian campaign, do all that she could have done to hasten the hour of her independence? Has she not had in her own bosom partisans of Alexander? Did Poland, in fine, demonstrate that intense degree of universal energy, that wonderful enthusiasm, displayed by Spain and Russia? The emperor Napoleon, in the second Polish war, ought he to have done more?—could he do more without imprudence? If he had done it, would they not have accused him with having provoked, like a madman, in the middle of a mortal crisis, the defection of Vienna and Berlin?"

"Italy! the Pope!—Napoleon himself expressed

his tardy regrets. He was very far from believing himself to be perfect. Have we not heard him, at Paris, talk of his limited faculties? The wisest of the ancients said, '*I know that I know nothing.*'... The greatest of moderns said, '*Do you believe me to be more than a man?*'... It is the same cry, precious emanation of the same soul, although uttered by two men, at two thousand years of distance. Before this avowal, so ingeniously sublime, of human imperfection, how wretched is the pride of those statesophists, whose superb theory, without ceasing to think itself infallible, terminates with the most sad results!—No; the emperor was not, and did not believe himself to be, above the common errors of humanity; and yet none ever abused less an absolute power; none had a more prodigious genius than his; none ever accomplished such vast deeds in so short a space of time; none, above all, ever better loved his country.

"As for the reproaches of despotism and usurpation, France and its government have made the most glorious of answers, an answer without reply... *They have inaugurated the statue of the emperor!* His detractors do not see how far their accusations are contradicted by public opinion. Let them endeavour to explain to us, to explain to themselves, how a great nation (without it were senseless) could have raised a triumphant monument to a despot.... to an usurper... fifteen years after his death!!! It is that France does not confound, like them, a popular dictatorship with despotism. It is because France knows too well her rights, to be ignorant that the temporary consul, the consul for life, the emperor, named three times by the universal voting, was the most legitimate chief of all times and all countries.

"Can they think that since the inauguration of the imperial statue, the opinion of France has changed?... But the representative chamber has just confirmed that opinion by her last vote. Would it reclaim from the other end of the world the ashes of a despot—of an usurper—fifteen years after his death?... It is true that it still persists in proscribing the family of the hero whose remains they claim! May the vote, at least, not be disdained in what it possesses that is favourable! May its prompt accomplishment console us in our exile, where the winds of France sometimes bring us some accents of sympathy! General Pelet, the worthy historian of the campaigns of Napoleon, has refuted the reproach of an immeasurable ambition. Monsieur de Golbery has signalled, amidst the petitioners who have not forgotten us, the illustrious names of Massena, of Lannes, of Ney, that recall so many victories! Monsieur de Bricqueville has declared that it was not the emperor who betrayed the country in the hundred days! Monsieur Mauguin has celebrated the hero of national independence, whose wandering family is a living trophy of our disasters! General Larabit nobly replied to those who have the courage to affirm that there are no more proscribed!... So many eloquent voices, the wishes of the citizens of Paris, of Toulouse, and La Charente, those great names dear to France, will they all be powerless to repair injustice?... Let us leave to the country the care of our return. When she desires it, her will will be expressed in a fitting manner. Paris, Toulouse, and La Charente will find echoes in every part where the memory of Napoleon is honoured: the names of Moscow, of Montebello, of Eslinga, are not the only illustrious names of the ancient companions, the friends of Napoleon; and the government which has already repaired in part the iniquity, will throw down, without difficulty, the odious barrier by which they keep out citizens proscribed upon account of their name, and who will never cease, till their last sigh, to stretch out their arms towards their country.

*Considerations on the Nature of Man.* [Considerations, &c.] By the Count de Redern. 2 vols. Paris, Treuttel & Würtz; London, Bossange & Co.

There are few subjects more interesting to the minds of youth, on their first entrance upon study, than metaphysics. The immensity of the field which this science opens to their view, conceals the indistinctness of the objects which occupy it

perspective. The absence of rigorous demonstration flatters their indolence, and gratifies their self-love; while the eloquence, which some of the finest writers of antiquity or of modern times have expended on the theme, scatters flowers over an otherwise arid path, and leads the imagination a willing captive to conclusions for the greater part more poetic than rational. Inexperienced, confident, imaginative, and full of the sentiment of vitality, the tyro pauses not to measure the resources of his intelligence; he sets no bounds to his curiosity, nor distrusts for an instant his power of penetrating the essence of all things, visible and invisible. But with those more advanced in life and in philosophy, to whom experience has taught the lesson of their own finite and fallible faculties, and whose spirit has been worn in the vain pursuit of a phantom, which escapes from their grasp at the moment when it appears the most completely within their reach, the love of the positive takes precedence. The consciousness that life is passing rapidly away, gives predominance to the present alike over the future and the past, while the certainty that the time is approaching, when the "great question" will be solved, without a personal effort, appeases that restless anxiety to raise the veil, which has so often baffled their industry and impatience.

Philosophy is not, as is generally believed, an affair of pure intellect, but is modified by the various circumstances which affect the individuality of the thinker. The social man, though receiving many and powerful influences from the community of which he forms a part, is to a considerable degree dependent for his philosophical creed on the state of public opinion. Even fashion, that most frivolous of causes, exerts its authority in determining the popularity of rival theories; and thus masks to the superficial observer, the connexion subsisting between temperament and the character of the ideas. But the connexion is not the less real; and when abstraction is made of all such external influence, a leaning to this or the other theory of philosophy, arises in no trifling degree out of the beating of the pulses, and the flowings or stoppages of what Sterne calls "the pancreatic juices." In proportion, accordingly, as the force of original character elevates the subject above the atmosphere of social causes, as the individual possesses a power and a will to "think for himself," the predominance of temperament over the entire range of thought and feeling becomes more obvious; and there are not wanting men, in whom its action cannot possibly be mistaken.

The philosophy of Heraclitus and Democritus was as much born with them, as the colour of their hair and eyes. Look at that dark-complexioned "lean, spare" man, with his lank, black, locks, falling straight over his forehead; examine his stern, rigid features, the fixed impress of melancholy that sits eternal on his brow, and then doubt, if you can, that he is a Stoic. Turn again to that other expansive, joyous countenance, lighted up by unbidden smiles, mark the full, blue, roving eye, the florid cheek, the large, sensual mouth, and say whether nature herself has not tuned the entire man to the careless philosophy of Epicurus.

In this supposition, there is one possibility of error; and that is, the attributing opinions to those who in reality never had one that they could call their own. The individuals are so few, whom "fate and metaphysical aid" permit to indulge in such a luxury, that speculative creeds are often to be found with persons who have no proper right to them. Nature, however, is not to be baffled by accident; and whenever it may happen that a man of decided temperament thus comes surreptitiously by his philosophy, his

actions will continue true to their physiological causes. If his mind be turned aside from its constitutional bias, there will be no permanent consistency between his principles and his practice.

But if this connexion is striking with regard to the speculative opinions which concern moral philosophy, it is not less so with those that respect the nature of things. It will hardly be disputed that individuals possess the powers of observation, reflection, and imagination in very different degrees and proportions; that the existence of some men is altogether in the sense, while with others it is internal, even to what is called absence of mind. There are men who see and acknowledge the minutest differences in whatever is presented to their gaze; and who overlook nothing of what is passing around them. Their whole pleasure, indeed, lies in a minute and curious examination of the phenomena of external nature. There are others, on the contrary, who pass their existence in a state of perpetual reverie, and day-dreaming; while others, again, subordinate the suggestions of imagination to those of a searching and subtle reason, and are constantly occupied in comparing and arranging their own thoughts.

To persons thus variously constituted, speculative opinions cannot be indifferent. The philosophy of Aristotle and Locke must have especial charms for the observers; and that of Plato and Kant must seduce the dreamers; while the great mass of mixed temperaments and no-characters, will prefer that amalgam of contradictory theorems and conflicting hypotheses, which is gravely called the Eclectic system. How vain therefore must be the hope of arriving at abstract truths, where material objects are wanting to correct speculative deviation; and of producing anything like an approach to uniformity on matters of philosophic faith.

Into this train of thinking we have been led by a desire to let the reader into the secret of those influences which preside over our own views on the subject of these volumes now under consideration, and which, perhaps, determine our judgment of their merit and execution. Once fairly embarked, as often happens, in this species of discussion, we have for a while lost sight of our primitive object, and indulged in a gossip somewhat too episodic. To return, therefore, to the matter in hand, we must needs confess, that in the double virtue of our time of life, and of a natural predilection for the positive, we are divested of the greater part of that admiration for what is called metaphysics, which Alma Mater laboured so hard to excite in us. If we have a "favourite aversion," it is *à priori* argument; and we would almost as willingly encounter Old Horney himself as two goodly volumes of pure speculation. It is not therefore our fault, however much it may be our misfortune, that we cannot relish the Count de Redern's "Considerations on the Nature of Man," nor follow, with anything like patience, through his pages of that which is commonly called German philosophy.

This honest confession, while it disarms the wrath of "those of the opposite faction," will, we hope, fortify the Count against all we have to say in disparagement of his work, and of the system it advocates. Our neighbours in France, by a not unnatural reaction, have adopted, with their accustomed ardour and enthusiasm, this German philosophy; and we, being desirous to preserve the land of Locke from the infection, must needs speak our mind, more plainly perhaps than the noble author may like.

We had, some time since, occasion to notice Mr. Haslam's theory, that thought can be only developed through the instrumentality of words:—the "Considerations on the Nature of Man,"

teaches trumpet-tongued, that words alone will not enable us to think correctly. Words are only the instruments of thought, inasmuch as they are the signs of something—either of externals, or of notions derived from externals; and it is only in so far as we can compare the sign with the thing signified, that we can think, in the true etymological sense of the word,—that is, bring our minds in relation with realities.† The Count de Redern attributes the certainty of pure mathematics to their being conversant with ideas, which he considers as "rational,"—that is, according to his theory, innate, and not derived from sensations. But pure metaphysics, which stand in precisely the same category, are proverbially the especial region of doubt and difficulty. The fact is, that pure mathematics, and pure metaphysics, are nothing but empty formulæ of thought,—exemplifications merely of the processes of thinking, except in as far as they can be brought back to archetypal ideas, deduced from sensitive impressions. It is only when they are made to bear upon the external and real world that they acquire a positive and real relation to truth or falsehood. The superior perspicuity and certainty of mathematical reasoning are produced by the simplicity of the relation of number, and the facility with which its most elaborate products may be tested by sensitive impressions. The evidence which the senses afford of the equality between twice two and four, is at the bottom of the whole; and if the mind of man could be mystified on this simple phenomenon, the boasted certainty of mathematics would be scattered to the winds. With respect to metaphysical language, no such power exists:—metaphysical reasonings regard not objects of sense. In these reasonings, it is not of things we discourse, but of words, the signs of ideas, which may themselves be but the signs of the signs of sensations, and are removed to the greatest possible distance from the impressions on which they were originally founded. In our discussions on mind, beauty, time, and space, it is not of entities that we reason, but of our notions respecting the complex ideas we have, in our ignorance, or our knowledge, attached to those words— notions so totally divested of primitive types, that we can have no complete assurance that they are constantly and at all times the same. It is alone, by tracing, on every separate occasion, such notions through the successive stages of their generation, that we can be assured of their perfect and absolute identity; and in the frequent iterations of this process, we cannot be secured against the unconscious intrusion of a false association, which will destroy the whole validity of the inference.

Now, there is this vice running through almost every page of the Count's work, and of most works of similar structure. The author reckons with counters having no fixed and invariable value—nay, often with counters which, when closely examined, have no value at all.

To grapple with every such instance of error in the volumes before us, would be to re-write the entire work. To give samples, even, with the necessary confutation, would be to abuse the patience of our readers. The work turns altogether on abstractions,—on matter, and form, and time, and space, on forces, brute and organized, &c. &c., with scarcely a single satisfactory reference to experience and observation: for though the author has taken the pains to abridge, from various works, long details of the anatomy and physiology of men and animals, it is always to regard them from a transcendental point of view, and to deduce from them a general proposition, which involves an *à priori* inference.

† "To think" is allied to "thing," as the Latin "*reor*" to "*res*."—See *Diversions of Purley*.



From beginning to end, the work is pure speculation, with just so much occasional reference to fact as to give to the author's ideas a false semblance of reality, and to disguise his constant beggings of the question, and jumping to unproved conclusions.

If, to show the looseness of the Count's habits of reasoning on abstract points would be as wearisome as superfluous, a trivial specimen may be permitted, as shorter, yet equally illustrative. "The Prince de Chalais," he relates, "yawned one night at the Opera most immoderately, on which one of his friends observed, 'the spectacle bores you;' to which the Prince replied, 'what does it signify that it bores, provided it amuses me?'" Now, what the deduction may be from these premises, is of little consequence. That the Prince de Chalais should neither take account of his own sensations, nor understand his own language, can be no ground for any possible deduction, except that his highness was a blockhead. Yet, on the basis of this "bald chat," the Count raises an inference—a conclusion of some sort, with as much gravity as if the fact were either undeniable, or worth a farthing when established. In the same spirit he cites St. Augustine as an authority for points of physiology, and (to sum up all in one word,) avows himself a believer in the *science* of animal magnetism.

How these volumes may be received in France or Germany, we really do not pretend to foresee; but we still think sufficiently well of the intellectual calibre and discipline of the British intellect to doubt whether an apology may not be necessary, for detaining our readers so long with their consideration. Of real practical knowledge, there is nothing to obtain from the work; and, even of transcendental philosophy, we presume (for we do not pretend to understand all its mysteries,) that there are better exponents in the markets of the Continent, for those who may care to become purchasers.

*A Residence in France; with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a second Visit to Switzerland.*

By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

THESE volumes may be regarded as a continuation of the 'Excursions in Switzerland,' from the same pen, which appeared early in the summer;† and are so entirely similar to their predecessors, in the graphic description of familiar and foreign scenes which they contain, and in the caustic and searching humour displayed in them, which makes their author find, in the most indifferent matters, an *à propos* to the social and political condition of America, that a detailed examination of their merits and peculiar style would be superfluous—especially at this present moment, when books of travels seem to come forth by dozens; and our chief space and attention must, of necessity, be given to those which transport us to the freshest nooks and corners of this old and much trodden world. If the tales which reach us of the present teeming state of the Continent be unexaggerated, and if but one-twentieth of those who have

Worn the pilgrim's staff and scallop shell think it necessary to record in print their devotion to the glaciers of Switzerland, and the churches of Italy, and the ruins of the Rhine, we have good cause to tremble for the labour which is before us, whom stern necessity compels to journey little, but to read much.

The same reasons which enforce upon us brevity in our criticism must also compel us to be sparing of extract, and to confine ourselves in our selection of passages to the *salons* and circles of Paris; for what can there remain new to be said of "musical Lurley," or the "castled

crag of Drachenfels"? and is not Switzerland before our eyes, at this moment of writing, as vividly as the lakes of our own land, or the streets of our own metropolis? But some of our readers will be glad to read Mr. Cooper's experiences of the French Court. They are dated in the February of the choleric year 1832, the American novelist being, of course, presented by Lafayette.

"We found the inner court crowded, and a throng about the entrance to the great staircase; but the appearance of La Fayette cleared the way, and there was a movement in the crowd which denoted his great personal popularity. I heard the words, '*des Américains*' passing from one to another, showing how completely he was identified with us and our principles, in the public mind. One or two of the younger officers of the court were at the foot of the stairs to receive him, though whether their presence was accidental, or designed, I cannot say; but I suspect the latter. At all events, the General was received with the profoundest respect, and the most smiling assiduity.

"The ante-chamber was already crowded, but following our leader, his presence cleared the way for us, until he got up quite near to the doors, where some of the most distinguished men of France were collected. I saw many in the throng whom I knew, and the first minute or two were passed in nods of recognition. My attention was, however, soon attracted to a dialogue between Marshal Soult and La Fayette, that was carried on with the most perfect *bon-homme* and simplicity. I did not hear the commencement, but found they were speaking of their legs, which both seemed to think the worse for wear. 'But you have been wounded in the leg, monsieur?' observed La Fayette. This limb was a little *mal traitée* at Genoa, returned the marshal, looking down at a leg that had a very game look: 'But you, General, you too were hurt in America?' 'Oh! that were nothing; it happened more than fifty years ago, and then it was in a good cause—it was the fall and the fracture that made me limp.' Just at this moment, the great doors flew open, and this quasi-republican court standing arrayed before us, the two old soldiers limped forward.

The King stood near the door, dressed as a General of the National Guards, entirely without decorations, and pretty well tri-coloured. The Queen, Madame Adelaide, the Princesses, and several of the children, were a little farther removed, the two former standing in front, and the latter being grouped behind them. But one or two ladies were present, nor did I see anything at the commencement of the evening of the Ducs d'Orléans and de Nemours.

"La Fayette was one of the first that entered, and of course we kept near him. The King advanced to meet him with an expression of pleasure—I thought it studied—but they shook hands quite cordially. We were then presented by name, and each of us had the honour of shaking hands, if that can be considered an honour, which fell to the share of quite half of those who entered. The press was so great that there was no opportunity to say anything. I believe we all met with the usual expressions of welcome, and there the matter ended. \* \*

"After the ceremonies of being presented were gone through, I amused myself with examining the company. This was a levee, not a drawing-room, and there were no women among the visitors. The men, who did not appear in uniform, were in common evening dress, which has degenerated of late into black stocks and trousers.

"Accident brought me next to an old man who had exactly that revolutionary air which has become so familiar to us by the engravings of Bonaparte and his generals that were made shortly after the Italian campaign. The face was nearly buried in neck-cloth, and the hair was long and wild, and the coat was glittering, but ill-fitting and stiff. It was, however, the coat of a *maréchal*; and, what rendered it still more singular, it was entirely without orders. I was curious to know who this relic of 1797 might be; for, apart from his rank, which was betrayed by his coat, he was so singularly ugly as scarcely to appear human. On inquiry it proved to be Marshal Jourdan.

"There was some amusement in watching the different individuals who came to pay their court to the new dynasty. Many were personally and familiarly known to me as very loyal subjects of the last reign; soldiers who would not have hesitated to put Louis Philippe *au fil de l'épée*, three months before, at the command of Charles X. But times were changed. They now come to show themselves to the new sovereign; most of them to manifest their disposition to be put in the way of preferment, some to reconnoitre, others to conceal their disaffection, and all to subserve their own interests. It was laughably easy to discern who were confident of their reception by being of the ruling party, who distrusted, and who were indifferent. The last class was small. A general officer, whom I personally knew, looked like one who had found his way into a wrong house by mistake. He was a Bonapartist by his antecedents, and in his true way of thinking; but accident had thrown him into the hands of the Bourbons, and he had now come to see what might be gleaned from the House of Orleans. His reception was not flattering, and I could only compare the indecision and wavering of his manner to that of a regiment that falters before an unexpected volley.

"After amusing ourselves some time in the great throng, which was densest near the King, we went towards a secondary circle that had formed in another part of the room, where the Duke of Orleans had appeared. He was conversing with La Fayette, who immediately presented us all, in succession. The Prince is a genteel, handsome young man, with a face much more Austrian than that of any of his family, so far as one can judge of what his younger brothers are likely to be hereafter. In form, stature, and movements, he singularly resembles W—, and there is also a good deal of likeness in the face, though in this particular the latter has the advantage. He was often taken for the Duc de Chartres during our former residence at Paris. Our reception was gracious, the heir to the throne appearing anxious to please every one.

"The amusing part of the scene is to follow. Fatigued with standing, we had got chairs in a corner of the room, behind the throng, where the discourtesy of being seated might escape notice. The King soon after withdrew, and the company immediately began to go away. Three-fourths, perhaps, were gone, when an aide-de-camp came up to us and inquired if we were not the three Americans who had been presented by General La Fayette? Being answered in the affirmative, he begged us to accompany him. He led us near a door at the other end of the *salle*, a room of great dimensions, where we found General La Fayette in waiting. The aide, or officer of the court, whichever might be his station, passed through the door, out of which the King immediately came. It appeared to me as if the General was not satisfied with our first reception, and wished to have it done over again. The King looked grave, not to say discontented, and I saw at a glance that he could have dispensed with this extra attention. Mr. McLane standing next the door, he addressed a few words to him in English, which he speaks quite readily, and without much accent: indeed, he said little to any one else, and the few words that he did utter were exceedingly general and unmeaning. Once he got as far as T—, whom he asked if he came from New York, and he looked hard at me, who stood farther from the door, mumbled something, bowed to us all, and withdrew. I was struck with his manner, which seemed vexed and unwilling, and the whole thing appeared to me to be awkward and uncomfortable. I thought it a bad omen for the influence of the General.

"By this time the great *salle* was nearly empty, and we moved off together to find our carriages. General La Fayette preceded us, of course, and as he walked slowly, and occasionally stopped to converse, we were among the last in the ante-chamber. In passing into the last or outer ante-chamber, the General stopped nearly in the door to speak to some one. Mr. McLane and Mr. T— being at his side, they so nearly stopped the way that I remained some distance in the rear, in order not to close it entirely. My position would give an ordinary observer reason to suppose that I did not belong to the party. A young officer of the court (I call them aides, though, I believe, they were merely substi-

† See *Athenæum*, No. 451, p. 429.

tutes for chamberlains, dignitaries to which this republican reign has not yet given birth,) was waiting in the outer room to pass, but appeared unwilling to press too closely on a group of which General La Fayette formed the principal person. He fidgeted and chafed evidently, but still kept politely at a distance. After two or three minutes the party moved on, but I remained stationary, watching the result. Room was no sooner made than the officer brushed past, and gave vent to his feelings by saying, quite loudly and distinctly, 'Adieu, l'Amérique!'

"It is a pretty safe rule to believe that in the tone of courtiers is reflected the feeling of the monarch. The attention to General La Fayette had appeared to me as singularly affected and forced, and the manner of the King anything but natural; and several little occurrences during the evening had tended to produce the impression that the real influence of the former, at the palace, might be set down as next to nothing."

We have chosen this scene, not because it is the best of many good things which these volumes contain, but as offering the most variety in the present state of our columns. Mr. Cooper can hardly describe in hackneyed or uninteresting language: we wish, for his own sake, that his works displayed fewer traces of a sore spirit than has been recently the case. A calm patience of neglect and wilful injustice may not be easy to acquire, but every one who adopts literary pursuits should aspire towards it, as much for the sake of his present happiness as of his future fame.

*A History of British Fishes.* By William Yarrell, V.P.Z.S., F.L.S. Illustrated by nearly 400 wood-cuts.

[Second Notice.]

The figure of the Carp confirms the ideas we have ever entertained concerning the scales of fishes as a character for classification. Perhaps we are not aware of the application of it by continental naturalists to its full extent, but, from the knowledge we do possess, we cannot conceive how the shape of the scales can ever be made a permanent character for recent fishes. With regard to fossils, it must be invaluable, because on each it is stamped for ever; but if scales grow, and alter in shape, as we have seen them do, how can any classification rest upon them? There is no stronger proof than in the carp, the scales of the young ones being quite round at the outer edge, and those of an aged fish presenting a hexagonal appearance. Carp, says Mr. Yarrell—

"Manage equally to avoid a net, burying themselves in the mud, and allowing a heavily-loaded ground-line to pass over them without their moving; but, if disturbed from their hiding-places, frequently endeavouring, like the grey mullet, to escape over the corked head line."

To this we will add our own acquaintance with two of the inhabitants of a river in which we have been accustomed to fish. Those who live on the borders declare, that for more than forty years the same two carp, well known by their shape, size, and colour, have frequented a space of about ten miles, eluding all efforts to capture them. We have seen them when the water has been clear, and remarked their dark backs and fins, their golden sides, their very red muzzles, their thick tails, and their angular scales; and we have also been present at many trials to ensnare them, even when the river has been dragged, and half the skill of the country opposed to them. The whole bed of the river was, for a certain distance, laid bare, and it was thought impossible that they should escape—however, there they were not, and the next day they were seen some miles from the spot, sporting about in perfect security.

Mr. Yarrell gives an instance of the Prussian Carp retaining life for thirty hours; to which we can state in addition, that several were caught

in a pond, and submitted to an artist for some hours; after this they were given to the cook. Forty hours after, some discussion having arisen about the drawing which had been made from them, it was inquired whether, by any chance, they had not been cooked. The servant having waited for orders, they were reproduced, and, to our great astonishment, two of them, on being touched, leaped out of the dish, and three others were still alive. No water had been near them, and they had been placed on a shelf in the kitchen.

A remark concerning Gold Fish we copy, because it may be so generally useful:—

"This fish breeds freely in small ponds, and even in tanks, in this country; but particularly so, if, by any means, the temperature of the water can be maintained at an elevation above the ordinary mean. It is well known, that in manufacturing districts, where there is an inadequate supply of cold water for the condensation of the steam employed in the engines, recourse is had to what are called engine-dams, or ponds, into which the water from the steam-engine is thrown, for the purpose of being cooled. In these dams, the average temperature of which is about eighty degrees, it is common to keep gold fish; and it is a notorious fact, that they multiply in these situations much more rapidly than in ponds of lower temperature, exposed to the variations of the climate. Three pair of this species were put into one of these dams, where they increased so rapidly, that, at the end of three years, their progeny, which were accidentally poisoned by verdigris, mixed with the refuse tallow from the engine, were taken out by wheel-barrow full. Gold fish are by no means useless inhabitants of these dams; they consume the refuse grease, which would otherwise impede the cooling of the water by accumulating on its surface."

We are sorry, amid so many beauties, to find fault with the figure of the Gudgeon, which is decidedly inferior to that of almost all the others, for it is entirely wanting in those irregular spots which make it so beautiful in nature. To its localities we beg leave to add the river Stour, which divides Essex from Suffolk, where they are found of a very large size, and in great abundance.

Although the Graining is mentioned by Pennant, it is to Mr. Yarrell that we owe its establishment as a species, and to him also is due the knowledge of the Azurine in England; both of them are to be found in Lord Derby's grounds, and the latter exclusively so.

Of the value of local names we can give an instance, for having occasion to inquire for the Rudd or Finscale, at a town in Suffolk, all knowledge of it was denied; at length, after waiting several days, we ventured to describe it to a fisherman, who instantly exclaimed, "Why you mean the Shallow," and in the course of an hour produced the fish. Mr. Yarrell has taken infinite pains to procure all these provincial appellations, which much enhance the value of his work.

We extract the following passage from the description of the Loach:—

"Attached to each side of the first and second vertebrae is a hollow sphere of bone of equal size, between which, on the upper surface, the vertebrae are distinctly seen; but the union of the two spheres underneath hides the vertebrae when looked towards from below. These circular bones, which are hollow, and the smooth insides of which can be seen through a horizontally elongated aperture that exists on the outer side of each,—these bones are analogous to the scapulae; to their outer surfaces the bones of the proximal extremity of the pectoral fins are articulated, and the fin moved by powerful muscles, which assist in producing the rapid motion observable in this little fish. Another peculiarity existing in the upper surface of the head, is the want of union in the two parietal bones at the top."

On coming to the family of the Esocidae we have an interesting account of the Flying-fish,

which is always an object of curiosity, and concerning which we add something from our own personal knowledge. When crossing the Atlantic with a spanking breeze, we constantly saw shoals of these fishes, and their enemies swimming after them. A loud rush announced their spring, when, after flying for several feet, they would all disappear for a moment, and then start forth again as if they had only returned to the sea to wet their fins or wings. Various methods were devised for catching them, and the most successful of all was, to hang a couple of lanterns during the night, against the weather side of the main sails. These seemed to attract or to dazzle the fishes, for they would fly against the sail, and then fall upon the deck, where, of course, they were instantly secured.

Clever as Mr. Yarrell's work is in most respects, we consider that the most valuable part of it is his treatment of the great family of the Salmonidae. He commences with the teeth, of which a very good plate is given, then gives the different opercula, and lastly comes to the distinguishing characters of the species. Among the anecdotes we find the following:—

"It is indeed said, that one of the wonders which the Frasers of Lovat, who are lords of the manor, used to show their guests, was a voluntarily cooked salmon at the falls of Kilmorac. For this purpose, a kettle was placed on the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under a canopy of overshadowing trees. There the company are said to have waited until a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence."

The little fish which in the west of England is called the Laspring, Mr. Yarrell says is the fry of the Salmon or Parr; it is also called the Graveling, a name not mentioned by our author.

"The appearance of the common Tern, or Sea Swallow, which, on its arrival in May, wings its flight for miles up the Thames, is the signal to the fishermen to keep a good look-out for a salmon; the occasionally coincident re-appearance of a Tern and a Salmon, has induced some of the Thames fishermen to apply to the former the name of the Salmon-bird."

The Skegger of the Thames, which has caused much discussion, is the Parr or Samlet. Of the variations to which the Trout is subject, Mr. Yarrell states, that

"The Trout varies considerably in appearance in different localities; so much so, as to have induced the belief that several species exist. It is, indeed, probable that more than one species of river Trout may exist in this country; but when we consider geologically the various strata traversed by rivers in their course, the effect these variations of soil must produce upon the water, and the influence which the constant operation of the water is likely to produce upon the fish that inhabit it; when we reflect also on the great variety and quality of the food afforded by different rivers, depending also on soil and situation, and the additional effect which these combined causes in their various degrees are likely to produce, we shall not be much surprised at the variations, both in size and colour, which are found to occur. That two Trout of very different appearance and quality should be found within a limited locality in the same lake or river, is not so easily explained; and close examination of the various parts which afford the most permanent characters should be resorted to, with a view to determine whether the subject ought to be considered only as a variety, or entitled to rank as a species. In these examinations the characters of the internal organs also, and the number of the bones forming the vertebral column, should be ascertained. The normal number of vertebrae in *Salmo fario*, our common Trout, I believe to be fifty-six."

The Welsh Charr, if we mistake not, has been first created into a positively distinct species by Mr. Yarrell. For those who have doubted

whether the Smelt was a fresh water as well as sea fish, we copy the following:—

"This quality, coupled with the circumstance of the fish passing six or seven months of the year in fresh water, has induced two or three experiments to retain it in ponds, one of which was attended with complete success; and the attempts might be multiplied with advantage. Colonel Meynell, of Yarm, in Yorkshire, kept smelts for four years in a fresh water pond, having no communication with the sea; they continued to thrive, and propagated abundantly. They were not affected by freezing, as the whole pond, which covered three acres, was so frozen over as to admit of skating. When the pond was drawn, the fishermen of the Tees considered that they had never seen a finer lot of smelts. There was no loss of flavour or quality."

Of the Gwyniad the following is a tradition among the people of Cumberland, which Mr. Yarrell does not mention; they believe it to have been brought into the Ulleswater lake by the great Deluge, and being shut up within the surrounding mountains, it has had no power of escaping since that time. Accustomed as they are to the small scales of Trout and Charr, and the delicious flesh attending them, they consequently despise those fishes with large scales, and treat their "fresh water herring" with the greatest contempt. Amongst the real herrings we are gratified at seeing a species named after our eminent naturalist and zealous labourer Dr. Leach, who first gave notice of its existence. This does credit to Mr. Yarrell's taste and feeling. It would seem that we have Anchovies on our coasts, and Mr. Bichenov, of Glamorganshire, has recently procured some.

While describing the Ling, a curious receipt for rheumatism is given, which we transcribe for those who like to take it:—

"Another produce of the Ling is the oil extracted from the liver, which is used by the poor to supply the cottage lamps, and as a medicine. Mr. Couch says, which those who have been able to overcome the repugnance arising from its nauseous smell and taste, have found effectual in severe cases of rheumatism, when taken in small beer, in doses of from half an ounce to an ounce and a half."

The flat-fishes (Pleuronectidæ) commence with the Plaice, and the succeeding general remarks are well worthy of notice:—

"As birds are seen to occupy very different situations, some obtaining their food on the ground, others on trees, and not a few at various degrees of elevation in the air, so are fishes destined to reside in different situations in the water. The flat-fishes, and the various species of Skate are, by their depressed form of body, admirably adapted to inhabit the lowest position, and where they occupy the least space, among their kindred fishes. Preferring sandy or muddy shores, and unprovided with swimming bladders, their place is close to the ground, where, hiding their bodies horizontally in the loose soil at the bottom, with the head only slightly elevated, an eye on the under side of the head would be useless; but both eyes placed on the upper surface affords them an extensive range of view in those various directions in which they may either endeavour to find suitable food, or avoid dangerous enemies. Light, one great cause of colour, strikes on the upper surface only; the under surface, like that of most other fishes, remains perfectly colourless. Having little or no means of defence, had their colour been placed only above the lateral line on each side, in whatever position they moved, their piebald appearance would have rendered them conspicuous objects to all their enemies. When near the ground, they swim slowly, maintaining their horizontal position; and the smaller pectoral and ventral fins on the under side are advantageous where there is so much less room for their action, than with the larger fins that are above. When suddenly disturbed, they sometimes make a rapid shoot, changing their position from horizontal to vertical; if the observer happens to be opposite the white side, they may be seen to pass with the rapidity and flash of a meteor; but they soon sink down."

Mr. Yarrell settles the long-disputed point on the production of Eels, which he considers as oviparous; he thinks that the contrary opinion arises from the worms that are so frequently found in their bodies, and supports his own theory, not only by his own reasoning and observation, but by the testimony of many others.

Some of our readers may not, perhaps, be aware of the nature of certain substances which are found on the sea shore, and, among many other names, are called Mermaid's Purses; these are the cases in which the young of the Skate and Sharks are enclosed, till they are old enough to throw them off; the tendrils at the corners serve to attach them to sea weed or other fixed bodies.

Of the rare little fish called the Lancelet (*Amphioxus lanceolatus*), the figure of which is taken from a drawing by Mr. Couch, we extract these new and valuable observations:—

"Supported by the opinions of three or four zoological friends, I have placed this little animal in this family (Petromyzidæ) near the cyclostomous fishes, believing it to be, as far as at present known, the lowest in organization among this class. \* \* The form of this fish is compressed; the head pointed, without any trace of eyes; the nose rather produced, the mouth, at the under edge, in shape an elongated fissure, the sides of which are flexible; from the inner margin extend various slender filaments, regularly disposed, which cross and intermingle with those of the opposite side. Along the sides of the body the muscles are arranged in regular order, diverging from a central line, one series passing obliquely upward and backward; the anal aperture is situated one-fourth of the whole length of the fish in advance of the end of the tail, the tail itself pointed; from the nose to the end of the tail a delicate membranous dorsal fin extends the whole length of the back, supported by very numerous and minute soft rays; the surface of the body smooth. The body is strengthened and supported internally throughout its length by a flexible cartilaginous column, from which the numerous muscles diverge; the cavity of the abdomen is comparatively large; the intestinal canal of considerable calibre, without convolution; above it a double row of flattened globular bodies, which have all the appearance of ova. \* \* Several relations in structure to the Lampreys and Myxine are observable in the fringed mouth, the armed lingual bone, the absence of eyes, and the want of pectoral and ventral fins. \* \* It is extremely active when in water, and its food is probably some of the most minute among the thin-skinned crustacea, or decomposing animal matter."

We are here reluctantly obliged, notwithstanding a number of tempting passages which we had marked for citation, to close our extracts from Mr. Yarrell's work. We have no doubt, however, that what we have laid before our readers, and what we ourselves have said, will induce them to turn to the book itself, and dip more deeply into its treasures. They will find the style clear, and the descriptions distinct; perhaps a large portion of zeal has led to a little too much repetition; but the fault will easily find its excuse in the motive, and we promise to the man of science a great deal more information than we have ventured to inflict upon the general reader. A number of rarities are described, species determined after the most careful investigation, the different fisheries well treated, the testimony of other authors admitted with the utmost candour; and certainly no pains or cost spared, the plates even of doubtful species being given.

If we mistake not, this is the first work of magnitude with which Mr. Yarrell has favoured the public, and we sincerely hope it will not be the last. We rejoice to see that Mr. Bell has undertaken, as companion volume, the 'History of British Quadrupeds,' to be followed by that of Reptiles, Crustacea, and Zoophytes, and we cannot wish them in better hands,

*Eupædia; or, Letters to a Mother on the watchful Care of her Infant, &c.* By a Physician. Sherwood & Co.

THE value of works of this description, when composed under the guidance of common sense, must be considerable. On no point is civilization more at fault, than in respect to the knowledge necessary to individuals in the management of the health; and in no department of this knowledge is the world more deficient, than in that which relates to the health of infants. But the degree of good obtainable by the perusal of any such work, is subordinate to the intelligence brought to the perusal. The weakness of mankind has disposed them to desire that their women should be fools; and the great end of female education, as it is commonly conducted, is to deprive the pupils of the capability of using their intelligence. The female mind is not exercised to think; and the few who do think to any purpose, do so, in spite of the obstacles designedly placed in their way. But to the half-witted, perfect ignorance is often less dangerous than the best instruction they can acquire; and the perusal of "guides" and "monitors," with young mothers of this stamp, will too surely either render them presumptuous and pedantic, and encourage them to practise in the dark; or it will fill them with idle and misplaced fears, and make them ever uneasy, except when quacking their infants. Nature, however, very generally vindicates her own rights; and, especially among the women of middle circumstances, we find numbers rising above the restraints of tuition, and judging with soundness and accuracy of those matters with which use makes them familiar. This is the class which carries experimental wisdom into nurseries, and gradually beats down the prejudices which have long reigned in that region of ignorance and folly. Addressed to minds of such a calibre, the Letters before us will prove an acceptable present. Their great object is, not to teach pathology and therapeutics, but to engage mothers in the duty of observing what takes place in their children, and to instruct them in the value and import of the many changes which disease produces in their external appearance and manifestations. To nervous, fantastical, and feeble minds, the present will be less beneficial; for when fear prevails, judgment ceases; and the observer sees all that she has read, whether it be in the child or not. To the young mother, then, who is sure of herself, we can recommend this volume, as containing a good deal of valuable information, unmingled with many opinions of doubtful foundation. Of these, we will allude but to one or two—the recommendation of "meat three times a day with ale and porter to nurses," p. 62. This we hold not only to be unnecessary, but dangerous. Young mothers are too prone to indulge in the article of food; and they turn whatever they eat to nourishment, more readily than in their ordinary condition of health. For a healthy nurse, milk is a better nourishment than porter, whether "drugged" or not; and in cases of debility, where a stronger diet is requisite, it should be adopted only on the prescription of a medical attendant. Again, we cannot altogether approve of the urgent way in which the Physician stimulates mothers to use the lancet to the gums of their children. The practice can only be necessary where an apothecary is not to be had; and then only in cases of formidable convulsion. Few mothers, however, will have nerve enough, we apprehend, to take the doctor at his word. For the rest, the work is written with some pretension to elegance and scholarship; and it is neither dry nor prosing.



*Adventures during a Journey overland to India, by way of Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land.*

(Second Notice.)

WE shall return, without any superfluous words, to the pleasant volumes before us. Our halt, it will be remembered, was made in Damascus; ere we quit this city, we will draw upon our author for a sketch or two of its streets on a Mohammedan sabbath:—

"I joined in the throng that was passing through the principal gate, and, as I was still in the European dress, attracted an uncomfortable degree of notice.

"I was bewildered with the variety of figures in the crowd; a line of women, enveloped in white sheets, filed slowly towards the burial-ground, where they usually take up their positions as if they were on their return to their graves; their faces hidden with dark-coloured handkerchiefs, or so shrouded within the folds of their linen coverings, that not a feature was to be seen. They seemed all of the same dimensions, and moved with the same gait; their feet, in yellow boots, just appeared below the white drapery, and gave them the air, as they waddled along, of gigantic ducks. Mountebanks and musicians threw themselves in the way; the former tumbling and grimacing before every fresh party that came from the gate, and the latter shrieking and drumming in their ears till they received a few 'paras' for their pains. A perpetual clinking of brass cups announced where cool water was to be bought; and bread and fruit were cried for sale in the name of the prophet, so loud that it was heard above all the other noises. Richly-dressed Turks, upon horses burdened with their finery, pranced along the road, their attendants carrying djerids beside them; while more sober figures, upon white asses or mules, moved deliberately on with their amber-mouthed pipes at their lips. The season is mild, the colours of the men's dresses are various and gay,—pink, white, and sky-blue flaunting in the wind as they gallop. ••

"I rambled all the afternoon among these singular scenes, giving nearly as much amusement to those who had never seen a Frank dress before, as I received from all that was new to me. It is only six months since an European has been able with safety to appear in his own costume, and very few have yet been here to display it. I am to many, therefore, a most singular exhibition. I appear so mean a figure in comparison with those of the flowing robes about me, that I am miserably out of conceit of my wardrobe, and have no occasion to be flattered with the notice I have attracted. The Turkish women mutter 'God is merciful' as I pass them, and seem to call for protection from my ill-omened aspect; the Christian women laugh aloud, and chatter with their sweet voices comments far from favourable to my appearance. As I walked in front of a group of these merry dames, I drew my handkerchief from my coat pocket, and naturally enough applied it to wipe the dust off my eyes. I was assailed by such a shout of laughter, that I thought I had committed some frightful indiscretion. I stood in great perplexity, with my handkerchief in my hand, evidently an object of intense interest, for many women came shuffling from a distance to see the show. This was at length ended by my returning the cause of all the amusement to its place; when, forgetting their propriety, they clapped their hands, and laughed with double enjoyment.

"It is not a difficult matter to become the wonder of a city; and as yet unconscious of the way in which I had merited to be one, I followed the crowd, as the evening approached, towards the convent. When we had entered the gate, a little boy, struck by the singular shape of a round hat which I wore, clapped his hands and called out, 'Abu-tanjier!' 'Abu-tanjier!' the father of a cooking-pot! look at the father of a cooking-pot!" This was echoed from every side; for the resemblance a hat bears to the common cooking-vessel with a rim to it, is too strong to escape, and I was pursued by the shouts of the people till I was nearly out of sight.

"A woman, who had heard the uproar, came to her door, and, as I had out-walked the crowd, she could not resist the chance of gratifying her curiosity, and begged me to show her my hat. I took it off with great gravity, and put it in her hands; I

believe she was disappointed to find that it was not a cooking-pot in reality: I rescued it from her in time to save it, or it might have been lodged in one of the colleges, as a perpetual puzzle to the learned of the city."

We must not, however, linger longer in Damascus—with its baths, and coffee-houses, and beautiful women, so agreeably described by Major Skinner. After a brief sojourn there, during which a love-adventure was begun quite on the Eastern fashion, our author prepared for his journey across the Desert; and, after much bargaining and debating—for the most trifling as well as the most important affair cannot be settled at Damascus without an infinite waste of *palaver*—he arranged to join himself, and his esquire Hassan, to a substantial caravan bound for Bagdad. The following passages refer to his journey, which, as described by Major Skinner, is sadly "curtailed of all its fair proportions" of peril and hardship, and dwindles down into an endurable, if not an amusing ride, of some twenty days' length:—

"I must give a description of our equipage, now that we are fairly launched on the great waste. I ride a white camel, with my saddle-bags under me, and a pair of water-skins quite full beneath them: over the saddle is my bed. In my own figure I am neither a Bedouin, a merchant, nor a Turk, yet something of all. A thick cherry stick, with a cross at the end of it, serves to guide the animal; a gentle tap on the right side of his neck sends him to the left, and one on the opposite makes him turn back again to the right; a knock on the back of his neck stops him, and a few blows between the ears bring him to his knees, if accompanied by a guttural sound resembling, as the Arabs say, the pronunciation of their letter 'khe': to make him move quicker, it is necessary to prick him with the point of the stick on the shoulders. And now I think I am master of his motions. ••

"April 5th.—We started this morning at a little before six o'clock, and arriving at eight on a pleasant plain, protected to the south-west by a gentle rise in the ground, halted there; a strong wind from that quarter rendering the shelter necessary. To the north, there is a range of bare hills, and at their bases are patches of green; the black tents of a tribe of Bedouins are pitched, and their cattle enliven the neighbourhood. We passed over a perfect level this morning, strewed with flowers and thick with pasture for the camels, where we are now resting: we have met the principal part of the caravan, that has been waiting the collection of all in this place, the most fertile in food of any round Damascus. It is not usual, as in many parts of the East, for the camels to wind in long strings, one after the other. Our numbers, amounting to fifteen hundred, are scattered over the surface in all directions as far as the eye can trace.

"In travelling, the sheikhs, or chiefs of the caravan, attended by the military part of their equipage mounted on dromedaries, move on in advance, while the loaded camels follow at some distance in parallel masses, opening out or changing the form as the grass renders it necessary; they fall so naturally into military figures, that it is difficult to conceive that they do it without direction. We are yet on the borders of the inhabited world, for we have passed several little villages. ••

"We have several tents in the caravan; they are pitched so as to permit the camels belonging to each to lie in the intervals, where they are placed in squads for the night. They are by no means agreeable neighbours, for, although they are not able to move from their places, they make a most unpleasant gurgling noise; the bales of the merchants always form the windward defence, for the tents have no sides to them, and but flutter over the goods to keep the sun from their owners.

"At the usual hours of prayer, a loud call is heard throughout the camp, and parties flock to where the muezzin takes his stand: at sun-set, as the camels draw in from the pasture, all the Arabs are on their knees, in a line of two or three hundred, in two ranks; the priest, like a fugelman in the front, gives the time for bowing their heads and performing the

rest of the enjoined ceremonies. As they rise on the signal, sink again to their knees, and press their foreheads to the earth with the utmost devotion, the scene is singularly impressive.

"The only person who does not join in the prayers is a Kurd, who has a few bales and a wife to protect, and who is of so sour an aspect that I doubt whether they would allow him to join. ••

"April 8th.—We are obliged to halt this day, and have learnt the cause of the short march of yesterday—a very fine grey mare belonging to the sheikh foaled during the night. He gave a feast in celebration of the birth of the principal people of a camp of the great tribe of Anazie, now in our neighbourhood. ••

"The festival has created some merriment in the camp; fires are blazing all round, and knots are seated in different quarters, smoking, cooking, or eating. Very little food is carried by the Arabs, and we are scarcely more luxurious in our provision; I should think meal, coffee, and tobacco, with a small quantity of rice, made up the supply of the richest: in addition to those articles we have a few fowls. As we have commenced by killing two a day however, the twelve we set out with are nearly at an end, and then, with the exception of the finest olives in the world, we shall be on a par with the meanest; so on the score of housekeeping we have nothing to plague us. My friend Mohammed, a Bedouin of our party, who has attached himself to me, will not suffer me to starve, for I never approach him that he does not, with more generosity than delicacy, draw from the bosom of his dirty shirt an offering of bread, which I do not generally refuse. ••

"The rate at which a loaded camel travels is estimated at two miles and a half an hour by almost every traveller. Our caravan has not, I think, exceeded this, but the variety of its movements has been very tiresome. The Arab drivers, who walk in front of the animals, never miss an opportunity of a piece of pasture; but however distant it may be from the proper course, lead them towards it, and with the short sticks they carry, beat them into the thickest part of it. The camels are anxious enough for the matter themselves, and huddle so together that their riders' legs are in tolerable danger of being crushed in the contact. There is so strong a resemblance to a voyage at sea in the passage across the Desert, that I cannot divest myself of the belief that the moving mass is but a collection of small vessels carried into a heap by the tide. Every man is ready with his stick to fend off the animal that approaches him: one push separates them as it would do a couple of boats; they move away quite unconscious of the circumstance, till another moment swings them together again.

"The drivers are the poorest and lowest of the tribe, and exercise the sticks they carry with very little ceremony. For example: I was in the act of drinking water with the flask applied to my lips, when my camel receiving a blow for going where he should not, turned suddenly round, and I came in a sitting posture to the ground, amid the laughter of the whole of my part of the caravan. I contrived to bear the fall, and, without having moved my flask, continued to drink. I received an Arab cheer for this feat, and when I had remounted, several came to congratulate me on the ingenious manner of my fall. One Arab, who had travelled a great deal in Syria, and had seen many Franks, assured me that I was more fit to be an Arab than any he had ever met, for Franks were all excessively awkward and disconcerted when they fell. I do not mean either to take much merit to myself for this act of agility, or to recommend it to the practice of travellers; but it has positively gained me more good-will from my wild companions than the most sedate demeanour could have done. ••

"April 12th.—I am so pleased with the independence of the Arab life, that I think I could submit with good grace to such a lot for a few months. When the Desert ceased to be, as it now seems, a garden, I should probably change my mind; but at this moment the mildness of the climate, the immense extent, the richness and fragrance of the plain, render the life I lead most delightful. I was obliged this evening to pluck up a large bed of mint before I was able to spread my carpet, the odour being too strong when pressed by my weight; it is like the

most powerful essence of peppermint, and is in very great quantity around. \* \*

"April 14th.—I had much difficulty to keep my water-skins from the Arabs, who seemed to think them fair plunder; as they are hung under my saddle-bags, I could not watch them very closely. If I nodded in my seat, the thirsty thieves stole quietly up to the skins, and opening drank as much as they could, and closed them up again. A sort of warfare continued the whole day through the caravan, between those who carried water, and those who felt inclined to drink it. I have a leather bottle that hangs by a chain from a hook that I stick into some part of my camel's pad; it contains a little more than a gallon; whenever I apply it to my lips, I have fifty petitions for a draught. At first I gave it willingly enough, but such heavy contributions were exacted from it, that I have of necessity grown more selfish, and when I wish to quench my thirst, drop behind, and steal a drink unnoticed. In eleven hours and a quarter we finished this day's journey, and have encamped upon a perfect level.

"April 15th.—A short time before daylight every morning, Suleiman awakes me in rather an unceremonious manner, though becoming enough in a Desert vallet. 'Wullah! turn up,' is his usual mode of address: to ensure attention to which, he pulls me roughly by the legs, or gives me a thrust in the side with his stick; and if that does not answer, draws my pillow from under my head, and walks away with it. On rising, there is no toilette to delay me. I must be satisfied with the morning dew for my ablutions, and the great Desert itself for my dressing-room. We are able to make a hasty breakfast, while the camels are being loaded, at a fire in which all the fuel in the camp is collected for a farewell blaze, for it is yet cold enough at daylight to render such a plan agreeable; every Arab, on approaching, brings an offering of wood to increase the flame. My kettle is boiled in a few minutes; a cup of tea, a bowl of camel's milk, and a cake of barley, enable us to support a fast until the evening; we then mount and set off, or sometimes walk for an hour or two. Hassan and Michael have supplied themselves in a truly Eastern taste; the first has an inexhaustible store of dates, and the other a wallet full of almonds, raisins, and figs. Our dinners are now reduced to boiled rice, sweetened with a celebrated paste of apricots made in Damascus, and sold in flat sheets so large that they might be spread out as carpets. \* \*

"Very little serves to give interest in the Desert; a few Arab grave-stones therefore have been great attractions to me. There is no inscription upon them: the poor Kurdish woman seemed delighted at the opportunity of ruminating in such a spot, and perched herself 'in doleful dumps' upon one on the least conspicuous side, where she sat all the day long. A woman in the East is by herself indeed when divided from her own sex; this poor creature seeks a retired nook every day, when we finish the journey before sunset, where she can sit and meditate alone. Her thoughts might be worth knowing; if she were of a gay disposition at home, she is undergoing a most severe penance now: women, however, have a natural turn for tombstones in the East. In Damascus she would probably be enjoying herself among the dead as she is doing here."

On the 22nd of April the caravan again touched habitable ground at the village of Koubayssa. We must pass over Major Skinner's adventures in Bagdad, from which city he made an excursion to Babylon. Here is "a sketch on the road":—

"About two hours from Khan el Awazec, there is a narrow stream, the sides of which are green; we found here three men lying asleep upon a bridge that crossed it; we passed them, and dismounted at the opposite side to drink and wash. The water was low, and we were sitting close to its edge, not able to see what was going on above the bank, when I heard some voices in dispute, and in jumping up perceived the three sleepers, who had evidently had one eye awake, in difference about the appropriation of our mules: they had fastened their cloaks and matchlocks on them, and were just going to jump into the saddles, when I gave the alarm, and we forthwith flew to the rescue. My Arab protector rushed up to one of the men, pulled him rather roughly away, and,

throwing his cloak upon the ground, called out to me 'Mount and be off;' and I lost no time in getting into my seat. One of the strangers called out to his comrades, 'El oalad! (a child) desist;' and repeating 'Salaam aleikoum,' each kissed my guide Abdul-Azee, and waved with an air of condescension to me to be off if I pleased.

"When some explanation took place, the tallest of the three men, who was a reckless bold-looking fellow, addressed me very good-humouredly, saying, 'Don't be afraid; you shall not be robbed, for you are under the protection of an Arab; we will go with you to Hillah, and nobody shall molest you, but we shall rob every one else we meet upon the road. I saw no advantage in making any objection to this arrangement, although I felt little inclination for the life of a highwayman in the Desert, and in case of a struggle I could not very easily preserve a neutrality. On we went, however; and I learnt very soon what I had at once suspected, that my new friends were the thieves of the night before in the village I had breakfasted in: there was no faith to be placed in men who had so recently forgotten the Arab honour, and abused the hospitality of the poor people who had lodged them; so I kept a jealous eye on their proceedings. They were well armed with hatchets, clubs, and matchlocks, while the tallest wore a sword: one of them was very lame, and his companions begged me to let him ride behind Hassan; I did not like this plan, but, as they were very earnest, I gave permission, and recommended that they should all tie their matchlocks to my mule. They took advantage of my proposal, and, having thus overreached them, I told Hassan to get his animal gradually into a fast trot: we both succeeded in this manoeuvre, and in half an hour, in spite of their shouting and running, we got completely away from them.

"About two in the day we arrived at the 'Khan el Beer,' and behind a mound near the village, after some dispute upon the subject, dismounted our lame robber, and left him in charge of the arms we had borne off."

The Major and Hassan did not, however, so easily get rid of these questionable companions, who dogged them on the following day. They

reached Babylon, however, without molestation: and here, though loth, we must part company from them, leaving their return to Bagdad, and what fell out by the way, untouched;—to say nothing of the last stages of the journey described, from Bagdad to Bussorah, and thence again to Muscat. We have sufficiently proved that Major Skinner is one of the liveliest of modern travellers, and care not how soon we are again called upon to bear him company on a journey.

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*Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 37 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of Sept. 1836, and ending 6 P.M. of the following day.*  
(Greenwich mean time.)

By Mr. I. D. ROBERTSON, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected.	Atmos. Ther.	Ext. Ther.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	30.109	52.3	43.6		W	Thick broken clouds, with light wind.
7, ..	30.122	52.4	44.5		W	Ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.138	52.7	46.0		W	Cloudy—light wind:
9, ..	30.152	53.5	48.4		W	Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.160	54.5	50.7		WSW	Ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.160	55.6	51.4		WSW	Ditto ditto.
12, ..	30.170	56.2	51.5		WNW	Ditto ditto.
1, P.M.	30.176	57.2	51.6		NW	Ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.182	57.3	52.2		NW	Ditto ditto.
3, ..	30.176	57.1	51.9		WSW	Fine—light clouds and wind.
4, ..	30.172	56.6	51.4		WSW	Fine—very light clouds.
5, ..	30.182	56.0	51.3		SW	Cloudy—light wind.
6, ..	30.186	55.3	50.6		SW	Ditto ditto.
7, ..	30.198	54.6	50.7			Ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.214	54.1	49.8			Thick broken clouds bearing down to SSW.
9, ..	30.221	53.7	48.7			Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.225	53.5	48.3			Ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.231	53.2	46.7			Ditto ditto.
12, ..	30.241	52.6	46.8			Ditto ditto.
1, A.M.	30.249	52.4	46.6			Fine & clear, with light wind. Beautiful star-
2, ..	30.251	52.2	45.2			Ditto ditto ditto.
3, ..	30.253	51.6	43.6			Ditto ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.255	51.3	42.6			Ditto ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.257	50.7	42.3		WSW	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.269	50.5	42.4		WSW	Light clouds and wind.
7, ..	30.273	50.7	44.3		WSW	Light fog and wind.
8, ..	30.273	51.2	45.3		W	Ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.277	51.6	47.4		W	Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.294	52.5	49.8		WSW	Cloudy—light wind.
11, ..	30.283	53.7	52.5		SSW	Ditto ditto.
12, ..	30.273	55.2	55.2		SW	Ditto ditto.
1, P.M.	30.265	55.9	55.4		SSW	Ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.245	56.2	55.9		SSE	Fine—light clouds and wind.
3, ..	30.235	56.2	56.3		SSW	Cloudy—light wind.
4, ..	30.211	56.0	56.0		S	Ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.204	56.3	55.3		SE	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.192	55.6	54.2		SE	Ditto ditto.
	30.216	54.0	49.4			

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## A SEA BALLAD.

THE cold night wind is shrieking  
Across a waste of foam,  
A lone one's heart is breaking  
With thoughts of land and home.  
"Ah me!—that I must roam  
From the valley rich and fair,  
My father's happy dwelling—  
No angry surges swelling,  
No bitter storms are there!  
He warned me (sadly weeping)  
O' th' perils of the sea;  
And now, perchance, he's sleeping,  
Nor dreams how great they be;  
Alas! I cannot flee,  
And when I tell my fear,  
My husband's boisterous chiding,  
His ship-mates' rough deriding,  
Is all the hope I hear!  
I know that this repenting  
Is all too late,—too late!  
There never was lamenting  
Could turn the wheel of Fate;  
The long, dim day I hate,  
And midnight mocks mine eye  
With flower-bemired meadows,  
And trees with peaceful shadows:  
O let me—let me die!"

## WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

WHILE pondering and speculating over the "Report on Wines" in the early part of the year (see No. 427), imagination sometimes run riot; and, in the spirit of a king-at-arms, we used to trace out "the heraldry of their birth." It then struck us, that an account of the Wines of the Ancients, as well as of the Moderns, might not be unacceptable to the reader; and, having just now a little leisure and space, we give him what we desire to be understood as "the benefit of our doubts."

It has puzzled the learned to decide whether Noah, when his ark rested in awful solitude upon the peak of Ararat, was acquainted with the use of wine.

The Rabbins considered the vine a tree forbidden by the Deity, and some theologians have expressed the same opinion. Milton has been accused of a similar heterodoxy, where he says—

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About their spirits had played, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhaled.

After Noah, the Egyptian Osiris, or the Sun, is, in point of date, the patron of wine; and, from Osiris, the Greeks wove their beautiful fable of Dionysus or Bacchus, born of Semele, "to be a joy to mortals." The Greek deity is clearly a creature of poetry, as may be seen by his visiting the Vine-king, and his marriage with Methe, or drunkenness. Alexander the Great, it is presumed, left some traces of his vain deification at Nyssa, in the existing mythology of the Hindûs. The marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne, with her crown of seven stars high in the heavens, has a sort of wild reflection in Bala Rama and Revati. Bala Rama, Sir William Jones calls the Hindu Bacchus. Revati was an old maid, whose single blessedness had lasted 3,888,000 years before she was married to the wine god, and she was still beautiful. The Chinese, according to their annals, had wine 2,200 years before Christ; it was invented by a husbandman called Itye. Such is nearly all we now know respecting the introduction of wine, except that the Persians give the honour to one of their kings named Jemshîd.

Wine early abounded in Palestine, as well as Egypt. The butler of Pharaoh, 1700 years before Christ, is the oldest of that not over-honest race on record. The maddening Maroteic,<sup>1</sup> and the Temiotic wines of Egypt, were known to the Greeks and Romans. Herodotus tells us, there were no vines in Egypt. Yet the wines of Egypt were clearly known before Herodotus wrote his history. The wine of Merôe was the Burgundy of Egypt in the time of the voluptuous Cleopatra.

<sup>1</sup> "Lymphatam Maroteic." Hor. Ode xxxvii.—It was a white wine.—"Maroteicis albe." Virg.

Studded with gems that shine,  
Their bowls contain no Maroteic wine,  
But strong and sparkling wines of Merôe.

LUCAN.

The neighbourhood of Alexandria was much noted for its wines. These, from the warmth of the climate, were, it is probable, all sweet; as rich grapes, ripened under a sun of intense power, are too full of sugar to make dry wines of estimable delicacy.

Phœnicia had her wines of Byblos, and Asia had numerous varieties: that of Tmolus in Lydia is mentioned by Virgil. Palestine produced two only of which the names have reached us, but the allusions to wine in sacred history are numerous: all these, it is probable, were sweet. They were kept in "pots," or earthen vessels, as we gather from Jeremiah, ch. 35, v. 5. They were some of them red, and were mixed with drugs before drinking, Psalm 75, v. 8. The wine of Lebanon, which is found there at this day, is a boiled wine, made of grapes as large as plums. Hosca says, it was perfumed or sweet-scented, probably from the drugs mixed with it to make it more intoxicating. This may be inferred from Canticles viii., where "spiced wine" is alluded to, and sufficiently explains what was intended by "mixed wines" among the Hebrews, as well as similar preparations among the Greeks and Romans, which will be mentioned hereafter. In this way the ancients varied the taste and strength of the product of the vineyard. It is singular to find Solomon describing what Homer, so nearly his contemporary, employs Helen about when he makes her temper the wine of his heroes with drugs.

The second wine of the Hebrews, of which any accounts have reached us, is very plainly designated down nearly to our own time. This is the wine of Helbon, made at Damascus, a sweet rich wine, as the name imports, being a derivative from a word signifying "sweet" or "fat." Ezekiel, five hundred and ninety years before Christ, speaks of it as grown at Damascus, and as being part of the merchandize of Tyre. This wine was exported from Palestine as late as the reign of Richard III. of England, under the name by which it was anciently known, of "Wine of Tyre." There was a statute of Richard, which enacted, that all Venetian ships coming to this country should, with every butt of Malmsey, or of Tyre wine, import ten bowstaves. Yew for bows, it appears, had become scarce in England, and the tree abounded in Dalmatia. This wine of Tyre, the Helbon of the Hebrews, was known to the Greeks and Romans as the wine of Chalybon, and it was first made at Damascus by the Persians. Helbon wine was anciently so much esteemed in the East, as to be the only kind drunk by the kings of Persia. This tends to establish the fact, that until the refinement of the Romans in luxury, the wines held in the highest esteem were sweet wines, or what the ancients called *passum optimum*, which Mago, the Carthaginian, directs us how to make in the fragments of his works on husbandry, which have come down to us, written 550 years before Christ, and preserved by Columella, who says he had made the very best sort of wine in the same mode, A.D. 50.

That the wines mentioned by Homer were sweet wines, is evident from the epithets applied to them—some indeed might be harsher than others, but the general character must be presumed to have been the same. The wine of Maronea in Thrace is referred to by Homer in the ninth book of the *Odyssey*—

The gift of Maron of Evanthœus' line,  
The priest of Phœbus at the Iamarian shrine.

Again, it is said to have been "some ages from his race concealed," and so on. Now, so clearly is all this description replete with the embellishment of poetry, that Maron is a son of Bacchus, or Evanthœus, dwelling at Ismarus, a hill celebrated for vines in Maronea, and he is a priest of Phœbus, or the Sun; and the prose explanation is, that hills give good wine, and vine-dressers are invokers of the sun to ripen the grapes. In such latent meanings, and such personifications, we can find nothing of the real quality; nor have we any clue to the flavour of the wine; in fact, nothing more than the name. Yet do we discover in Barry, and similar writers, grave inferences drawn from these poetic descriptions in respect to the character and quality of Greek wines three thousand years ago. The poet further tells us, that the wine thus presented was perfumed, and that it took twenty measures of spring water to cool it.

This again is poetical exaggeration. The existence of a strong wine in Maronea is nearly all that can be inferred safely from such a description. The wine was naturally selected, from being the most potent, because it was to be employed in overturning the stomach of the giant Polyphemus. Greece, we know, produced numerous sweet wines, such as those of Chios, Lesbos, Crete, and Thasos, most of which were thick and fat, frequently from boiling them. Honey, either pure or with the addition of flour, was added, and they were constantly adulterated with drugs.

Of the Greek wines there is reason to believe the Pramnian was a coarse wine, but where it was grown there is no existing information. The Phœnean wine was grown on a promontory of Chios, which island surpassed all the others in the character of its wines. One kind of Chian was so much esteemed among the Romans that Lucius Lucullus never saw but a single cup served up at his father's table after dinner. The numerous islands of the Greek archipelago had each a wine assigned them of a distinct character. Rhodes, Coreya, Zante, Cos, and others, are alluded to in ancient writers. Thrace, with its Mendeian wine, is also noted. The modern Malmsey of commerce came from Greece, and a few centuries ago was known as Malvasia and Romanina, from those places in the Morea. The Greeks mixed sea-water in their wines before drinking, which they thought improved their flavour, and the luxurious Romans imitated them, as we shall see hereafter. This notable discovery is said to have arisen from a slave having robbed his master's cask, and filled up the deficiency with salt water, after which it became the fashion to mingle sea-water with wine, from the opinion that it improved the flavour; and, at last, they boiled the water before mingling it. The Romans, little better than copiers of the Greeks in all things, refined upon their masters in making a medley of their wines.

The whole of our information respecting Greek wines, or nearly all that merits regard, comes from Roman writers, or Greeks who were resident at Rome. Aristotle indeed touches upon the subject, and tells us that the wines of Arcadia were so thick, either by nature, boiling, or adulterating, that they dried up in the goat skins, and that it was the practice to scrape them off, and to dissolve the scrapings in water.<sup>2</sup>

The necessity of not understanding literally the language of Homer, does not apply so closely to the Roman poets, who describe social manners, and deal with men alone, and not with giants and demi-gods. Even these, however, must be interpreted with due allowance.

To the Roman writers, then, by birth or domicile, we must turn for any further information upon the subject. Those who wrote upon agriculture, as Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, have left very accurate descriptions of the mode of treating the vine, and of managing vineyards. To these may be added, the elder Pliny, Athenæus, Plutarch, and others, whose works are to be found translated into our language, and accessible to every curious reader. Many of the Roman poets, too, allude to the wine of their times, particularly Horace, Juvenal, Virgil, Martial, and Petronius. Isolated passages are found in many of the writers during the reigns of Augustus and his immediate successors, which throw light upon the general customs respecting wines held in esteem during the most flourishing period of the empire, but show little of their nature.

The Romans, it appears, suffered the vines to grow "after their own free will," and the quantity rather than the quality of the fruit seems to have been the principal consideration. The tendency of wine made from grapes grown in this manner to become acescent, is inevitable; and the experience of this fact induced precautions of an artificial kind to counteract it. Thus, for the preservation of the wine, they risked, and often actually destroyed, the vinous taste and principle, for they mingled in the must the most heterogeneous substances, not only with a view to the preservation of the wine, but to increase its potency. It is impossible but that pitch, rosin, assafœtida, sea-water, tar, bitumen, myrrh, aloes, gums, pepper, spikenard, poppies, wormwood, cassia, milk, chalk, cypress, bitter almonds, flung into pure wine, must have destroyed its natural qualities.

<sup>2</sup> Ita exsiccat in utribus ut deraum bibatur.



Then, some wines were boiled and rendered thick, as are *vins cuits* in the present day, which, when the boiling is carried to any extent, can only be used by mingling with other wines, as is done with sherries in Spain. Wines, too, were exposed to the action of heat and smoke,\* in a sort of kiln or chamber, denominated a *fumarium*, where, it appears, the wine also grew thick, and became rapidly mature. It is evident, from these facts, that the Romans set little value on what we esteem the true property of the grape-juice. Every delicate quality must have been destroyed by the treatment the wine received: yet this mixture of wines with substances foreign to their nature, was so much a matter of course, that Ovid gives the office of wine-mingler to one who had quitted this life:

— one of giant line,  
Who to the Gods does *mix* immortal wine.

Homer employs Helen, in the *Iliad*, in the capacity of wine-mixer. "He hath made me drunk with wormwood," we find, in *Lamentations*, which means, no doubt, wine mixed with wormwood. Ales and myrrh were mixed in Jewish wine; from all which it may be inferred, that the most enthusiastic lover of antiquity would find its taste very different from what customary association led him to expect, and he would be able to swallow less than the Emperor Augustus, who could with difficulty carry off a pint.

Let us imagine the table of a Roman citizen, set in order as it appeared eighteen hundred years ago: the guests in the dining-room about the hour of three, according to our reckoning of time; the party stretched upon the circular couch around the table of citron wood; the guests, wisely limited to "not less than the Graces or more than the Muses," have previously bathed, and put on the light dining dress.<sup>1</sup> The servants have brought in garlands for their heads, and flowers to strew upon the couch, together with rich perfumes, to neutralize the smell of the dishes. Lamprey, with shrimps, and Venafrum oil, grilled crane, blackbirds and thrushes, red mullet, goose livers, lettuces, leeks, eggs, and Lesbian vinegar, with the sauces, are upon the board, and other dishes are brought in, and successively tasted. The mistress-cup<sup>2</sup> is demanded, and passed round by the master of the feast. It is in a glass of Egyptian manufacture, or haply in a murrhine<sup>3</sup> cup of the most precious and costly character, to discover the nature of which has puzzled many an antiquary, some contending that murrhine was a fossil substance, others that it was rock crystal, others that it was porcelain, as it came from Parthia, in the direction of modern China. The learned Scaliger was of opinion, that it was porcelain; but how then account for its imparting a new flavour to the wine, as Martial records?<sup>4</sup> However this may have been, the cup or vase is filled with Falernian, and passed round with the toast, as many times, styled with as many "Falernians" or in as many bumpers, as there are letters in the lady's name—

Justine seven bumpers, shy Phoebe has six,  
Five Navia, four Lyde, sweet Ida but three.<sup>5</sup>

We are reluctant to believe that this Falernian, the wine so renowned among the *gourmets* of the reign of Augustus, was other than the nectar it is described to have been by ancient writers; but we must recollect, that different ages have different tastes, and that what Horace admired might not please the palate of a modern poet, to say nothing of exaggerated praises. The Falernian was grown in the Campania, near modern Naples. The site of its vineyards was in the most beautiful portion of Italy, denominated on that account, "Campania the Happy." It produced other wines besides the Falernian, such as the Massic, which nearly approached the favourite wine of the poets in esteem. They were disloyal enough to judge for themselves in a matter of taste, and not follow Augustus, their master, who preferred the Setine. The Falernian was grown upon a hill of the same name,—this seems established. Wines grown upon plains were in general less esteemed by the ancients than those grown upon hills, and in this respect time has produced no alteration of opinion

\* Amphora fumum bibere instituit,  
Consule Tullo.—Hor.

1 Vestis convivialis.

2 Cuppa magistra.

3 Ardens murræ Falerno convenit.—Mart.

4 Ep. 41. b. xii.

5 Mart. Ep. "Somnus."

amongst wine critics. The soil was evidently volcanic, a kind remarkable for growing good wines. The lava of Vesuvius has again and again covered vineyards, but they revive upon the last stratum with equal fruitfulness, so soon as sufficient soil has accumulated to retain moisture for their roots. It was a rough wine,<sup>6</sup> very strong,<sup>7</sup> and of a dark colour, approaching black.<sup>8</sup> Intense red puts on the dark hue, and the poet borrows the term "black," with a reservation by common poetical licence. The wine of Cahors is styled black in the present day, though not black in reality. The fame of this wine rests wholly upon its having been a favourite with the poets. Different species were less fortunate in their patrons; "they had no poet, and are dead." We have seen it was not preferred by Augustus, but the Emperor himself owes most of what is known respecting his personal character to the same cause as Falernian owes its existing fame; he was the friend of poets, though he did not much relish the potent wine to which they gave the preference. Falernian was drunk at ten years old, when it was considered to have become mellowed, and deprived of its austerity and strength in a considerable degree; and honey was put into it, as may be seen in Horace.<sup>9</sup>

Falernian was bitter when old, but not less regarded: *vinum amarum*<sup>10</sup> is often put for "old wine." It was a dear wine, if we may judge from Horace, when he laments that he has neither Calenian, Formian, nor Falernian wine, nor the rich product of the Cæcuban vintage, but can only offer Mæcenas the homely wine of his Sabine farm.<sup>11</sup> Thus it differed, perhaps, from the wines of the Campania, from the Massic for instance, only in degree, or as slightly as two qualities of the Côte d'Or, the product of neighbouring vineyards, differ from each other. The term Cæcuban seems to be applied generally at times. Near the city of Cæcubum were the vineyards, and among them also stood Amycle, in a district dependent upon or belonging to it. The harshness of Falernian was sometimes softened by mingling Chian<sup>12</sup> wine with it, a foreign growth, from whence it may be judged how much ancient and modern tastes disagree. What Frenchman would think of mingling a foreign sweet wine with Burgundy or Hermitage! The purity of the first growth must be thus utterly destroyed. A red wine, it is true, may be strengthened by the mixture of another red wine, as Hermitage with Bordeaux, to make Claret heady enough for the English market; but Chian wine, there is no doubt, was a thick sweet wine; we might, therefore, as well mix Malmsey or Cyprus with Port. It was, however, mixing the best of Greece with the best of Rome, and it probably supplied the place of honey.<sup>13</sup> It is likely, too, that it was drunk perfumed and mixed with drugs at the tables of the opulent, in the reign of Augustus; for Horace, in his invitation to Virgil,<sup>14</sup> desires him to bring the perfume, and the cask of wine shall be ready. It was also cooled in snow. Martial alludes to this when in Epigram ex. l. 2., he writes that he does not ask wealth:—

That largest crystal may my lips enclose,  
And our Falernian boast his subtle snows.

But we have forgotten our Roman guests, from whose table the meats are now removed, and the master of which has been elected chairman<sup>15</sup> by cast of die. The servants are ordered to "un-oil a flask of Cæcuban," as we should say, "uncork another bottle." The wine has been preserved by pouring oil into the neck of the flask, so as to exclude the atmospherical air, the practice to this hour throughout Italy; and in France a bottle of olive oil is often poured into a wine barrel recently tapped, which, expanding over the surface, excludes the air and keeps the wine from accecence to the last, when the oil itself is easily drawn off uninjured.

The guests now call for sea water, previously boiled, to mix with their wine, from which it may be ima-

6 Valtis severi me quoque sumere partem Falerni.—Hor.

7 Indomitum Falernum.—Persius.

8 Martial in various Epigrams.

9 Sat. 4. b. ii.—Hor.

10 Doering's Catullus. Car. 27. "Calices amariore."

11 Ode 20. b. i.—Hor.

12 Hor. Sat. 10. b. i.

13 If it was mixed with another Roman growth, the practice was condemned.—See Martial, b. vii. Ep. 66.

14 B. iv. Ode 12.

15 Arbitrator bibendi, Lat.; συμποσιαρχος, Gr.

gined, none or not enough has been yet introduced into the liquor. "Five cyaths<sup>16</sup> for Cæsar!" the chief of the feast calls to the guests, and five successive glasses of strong and enduring Cæcuban are swallowed, to toast the lord of the Empire.<sup>17</sup> Cæcuban wine became less fashionable after the reign of Augustus. According to Pliny,<sup>18</sup> it came from the Palus, or low grounds, near Amycle.<sup>19</sup> The site of the vineyard was described as between Avernum and Ostia. The Cæcuban wines were superseded by the Falernian, to which the latter had been once only second in estimation. The same writer observes, that the Falernian wines were called by some persons for distinction sake, wine of Gauranum, of Faustianum, and of Falernian, the last growing at the bottom, the second at the middle, and the first on the tops of the hills. It is impossible to conjecture with the remotest chance of success, what were the taste and quality of Cæcuban wines. Some of them were probably, judging from the capacity for age, of the Opimian year,<sup>20</sup> that far-famed vintage of Roman wine drinkers, which took place in the year of Rome, 632, when the summer produced a wine, a portion of which remained in the cellars of Roman citizens considerably above a hundred years after, some writers say a hundred and fifty. Hence it was, that the Romans afterwards marked their amphore,<sup>21</sup> or earthen wine vessels, with the Consul's name as a distinctive mark of the date of a vintage,<sup>22</sup> and many are now in existence with these marks perfectly legible.

The esteem in which the Romans held the wines of their own growth, seems to have reached its height under the two first Cæsars. The costliest Greek wines were preferred for a very considerable time among the richer citizens. Hortensius, the orator, is said to have left in his cellar, at his death, ten thousand barrels of Chian wine. It is evident, from what has been already stated, that the favour in which the best Roman wines were held, never extinguished their regard for the Greek which they imported; most of this last appears to have been of the luscious kind, such as Chian and smooth Coan.<sup>23</sup>

Other wines famous among the Romans were the Setine, the favourite wine of the Emperor Augustus. It was a lighter wine than Falernian, and was supposed to possess certain medicinal virtues. No mention of it is to be found in Horace, but Juvenal alludes to it in his fifth satire—

And drink old sparkling Alban or Setine.

This wine was the produce of the vicinity of Setia, already mentioned, which once stood on the beautiful Campania. Martial describes it as a small town overhanging the Pontine fields, and styles the Setian nectar.

Surrentine was much commended by Caligula; it was an agreeable wine of the growth of Surrentum, very little inferior to the Falernian or Massic.<sup>24</sup> There cups or vases of that name were made.<sup>25</sup> This place is now the modern Sorrento. "Agreeable" or "mild" Surrentine<sup>26</sup> was the epithet applied to it by the ancients. It did not attack the head so much as other wines, according to Pliny.<sup>27</sup> It bore its after age well if it reached a certain number of years without accecence. The Alban was another favourite wine of the Romans, made near the imperial city; it appears to have been a smooth but not a strong wine; there were several varieties grown on the Alban hills. The Fandine wine was the growth of the Campania Felix, and was of the same nature as the Falernian. Its capacity of endurance is plain when Martial addresses some of it as of the Opimian vintage. The Trifoline Mount, near Naples, was celebrated for its wines; but these appear to have ranked only as the seventh among the favoured wines of that era. Mount Aulon, opposite Tarentum, now named Castrì

6 Summe Cyathos centum.—Hor.

7 Crown the deathless Falernian, my boy!

8 Draw the quincunx from out the old cask;

9 Of the gods who can heighten the joy!

10 'Tis for Cæsar five bumpers I ask.—Martial.

11 "To crown" the bowl meant to fill it to a brimmer. The "quincunx" was the five letters of Cæsar's name.

12 Pliny, N. H. xiv.

13 Also Martial, b. ix. Ep. 115.

14 Opimii Cæcuba.—Mart.

15 Measuring seven gallons one pint, or 1066 cubic inches.

16 Martial, b. vii. Ep. 58.

17 Lubrica Coa.—Pers.

18 Firmissima vina.—Virgil.

19 Martial.

20 Lenia Surrentina.—Pers.

21 Pliny, xiii, 20.

Vetere, produced the Tarentine wine, but was more famous for its fleeces. The Mamertine was grown in Sicily, near Messina. The Mamertines were a Samian colony, incorporated with the Messinians. This wine was used at Roman entertainments, given by Julius Cæsar. Nomentane was a Roman light red wine. Spolantine wine was light, sweet, and of a yellowish colour. The Signian is supposed to have been white, but of very great astringency, so that it was recommended medicinally. The Ceretan was an Etrurian wine; and, from a simile in Martial, it perhaps resembled in some degree the Setian.

But we must now take leave of our convivial friends, who, having toasted in successive Faernians all the brilliant and beautiful women in Rome, called for cups of Pollium, or sweet Syracusan wine, and settled the relative merits of the newly elected Consuls, T. C. Nero, and Pl. Varus, are now preparing to start on a pleasure trip to the Sabine farm. We hope that we shall receive an invitation to join them.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

This week,—having recently taken, it will be admitted, a sufficiently deep draught at the fountains of Science, and more recently mentioned the principal literary novelties in preparation, we will give Art its turn—or, to speak more plainly, there being little else to claim our attention, we may as well look towards the provinces and their musical carnival. The Manchester and Norwich Festivals are now over: the former appears to have been brilliantly attended,—the gross receipts being stated at 11,000*l*. A selection from the oratorio of 'Solomon' was performed, but no other novelty of any decided importance brought forward, save Spohr's 'Christian's Prayer,' which failed in producing an effect. We can hardly wonder that a composition so level, if not positively heavy,—bearing so few traces of inspiration, and so many of mannerism, should fail. The singers who took part in the performance, were Madame De Beriot, Madame Caradori, Mrs. W. Knvyett, Mrs. A. Shaw, Mrs. H. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, and Mdle. Assandri; Signors Lablache and Ivanoff; Mr. Braham, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Machin, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Terrail, with M. De Beriot as principal solo player. We cannot but consider this list as thrifflingly long, and regret that the curiosity of our provincial neighbours was gratified at the expense of the charities, and to the detriment of the effect of such entire works as the 'Creation' and the Mount of Olives, wherein, as far as possible, the same singer should sustain the same part throughout. We are glad to see that our two most promising *cantatrici*, Miss C. Novello and Mrs. A. Shaw, were appreciated as they deserved. The serious and almost fatal illness of Malibran must have been a sad drawback upon the brilliancy of those performances, at which she should have appeared. The chorus is described as superb and perfect. The Norwich Meeting appears to have been as remarkable for the close-comparing economy which has presided over its arrangements, as the Manchester Festival was for its over-profusion. The singers engaged were Madame Caradori, Mdle. Assandri, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Bruce, Miss Rainforth; Signors Ivanoff and Lablache, Messrs. Phillips, Hawkins, Hobbs, and E. Taylor. We are glad to see the name of Mr. Blagrove as leader to the Concerts on this occasion. With respect to the music selected, its principal feature, we presume, must be considered the performance of Mozart's 'Requiem,' this divine work not only having been maintained by the translation of its Latin words, but also spun out by additions which have been made to it, with a presumption which, we must say, has surprised us. As if English taste and English judgment did not already stand low enough in the musical scale, without our having to bear the further shame of having restored, and patched, and transmogrified a work which surely ought to have been sacred from the approach of any hands less mighty than Beethoven's! We trust something will be done at the Worcester and Liverpool meetings, which we may set against such an act of Vandalism. At the latter place, Mendelssohn's Oratorio is in busy preparation.

Many rumours are current among the few who remain in town, of music in preparation for the coming winter. We hear of a German Opera company at Drury

Lane, headed by the incomparable Schroeder; and of an attempt to get up an Italian Opera, exclusively devoted to *opere buffe*, at the English Opera House, which is to close its doors before the more imposing ones of the King's Theatre open. We hope soon to have some intimation of the revival of the delightful Quartett parties of last season. At Paris, a new opera is in preparation, with the legend of 'Stradella' for its subject, the music by Niedermayer. From the specimens we have heard of this composer's talent, we should be disposed to expect an original and effective work.

From what we can gather, the provincial exhibitions of Paintings are in a flourishing state: the Manchester Exhibition is described as more extensive and select than usual; at Liverpool, Mr. C. Landseer's picture of the *Plundering of Basing House*, has gained the corporation prize of 50*l*. Mr. McClise, Mr. E. Landseer, Mr. Patten, Mr. Rothwell, Mr. Uwins, Mr. Lee, Mr. Creswick, and other of our London artists, have sent some of their best works for exhibition.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

Will shortly close, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The subjects are, the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, and the VILLAGE of ALAGNA, in Piedmont.—The new picture at the Diorama ought to be most popular, for, as a work of Art, it has hardly been equalled by any previous exhibition.—The much-admired Interior of Santa Croce.—*Athenæum*, March 19 & April 5. Open from 10 till 5.

#### FINE ARTS

We may expect so soon to find our table loaded with the portfolios of the Annuals, that it is only wise in us to make a clearance of the many prints and books of prints with which it is at present burdened.

Mr. Franklin's *Outline Etchings to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase*, claim the place of honour on this occasion. We are glad to see a young English artist applying himself to the illustration of a work so indefeasibly national: we are glad, too, that by the style of illustration which he has chosen, he has enforced upon himself a closer attention to correctness of drawing than many of his fellow aspirants, whose works are merely appropriate in sentiment and rich in colour, are willing to pay. There is, to be sure, too close an imitation of the German taste in several of Mr. Franklin's designs—not a few of the heads and attitudes having been suggested by Retzsch; but the first plate is very beautiful, and the hunting scenes have a fresh woodland spirit—a motion in them, which speak well for their artist's powers of identifying himself with his subject. We like him less upon the battle-field, and are here and there struck by a point of costume which appears to us questionable. We hope, however, that Mr. Franklin will be encouraged to illustrate other of our ballads, ancient and modern.

'The Spanish Mother,' by Wilkie, so much admired last year at Somerset House, is here, magnificently engraved by Raimbach, with a boldness and a brilliancy of effect rare in these days of silken tameness and over-elaborate finish: in praising this beautiful print without qualification, we should hardly miss the truth.

Mr. Martin has added two more fine works to the long line, which have already proceeded from his hand—*The Death of the First Born*, and *The Destroying Angel*, both engraved by himself. Of these, the latter, a superb architectural design lit up with a lurid and unearthly light, is the finer, though the gigantic angel in the sky is too tangible and clearly defined. After these we may notice Mr. E. Lambert's *Destruction of Jerusalem*, engraved by Sanders: Mr. Lambert has imitated Martin with all his might, and caught a touch of his spirit. There are few, whom, to a certain point, it is so easy to approach, as the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast;' but beyond that point he remains, and, we suspect, will remain "alone in his glory."

The next single print before us, is of a totally different character from the above. Mr. Hancock, however, like Mr. Lambert, seems to us to have caught his inspiration from another, though, from the line of subjects he has chosen, he is less liable to be charged with imitation or mannerism. *The Keeper going the round of his Traps*, is beautifully engraved by Beckwith; the figure of the weather-beaten and wary man is very cleverly hit off, and his dogs are of the

right breed: the landscape too, is natural and characteristic.

The second number of *Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, a superb publication, contains the Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst, radiant with life and beauty—Master Hope as the infant Bacchus—and the sagacious head of Mirza Abul Taleb Khan; nothing can exceed the perfection with which these well-known portraits have been engraved,—the two first by Cousins, the third (so rich in its oriental costume,) by Lucas. A first number of *Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton* is also here before us, containing three well-known subjects.—'The Forsaken,' engraved by E. H. Phillips.—'A Girl at her Studies,' by D. Lucas, and 'A Girl at her Devotions,' by W. P. Burgess. With all his sweetness and humour, poor Newton was something too much of a mannerist; too apt to mistake costume for character;—and it was unwise for an opening number to select three subjects so entirely of the same order, as the female figures before us.

The second number of *Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen*, fully maintains the high character gained by the first; the subjects are the Duke of Newcastle, engraved by Mote after Pickersgill, Lord Sidmouth by Scriven, after Richmond, and Sir William Follett by Ryall, after Chalon. Together with these champions of the *ancien régime*, we may notice a clever and expressive portrait of Dr. Lingard, the Catholic historian, engraved by H. Cousins after Lonsdale; and the portrait of Lord John Russell, an intelligent and excellent likeness, by Mr. G. Hayter, engraved by Bromley, in his best manner.

The next work, *Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain*, Nos. 1 & 2, deserves an extensive circulation for the nationality as well as the intrinsic character and beauty of the scenes it represents. The two first numbers are devoted to the extreme north of England, the scenery of Marmion; the drawings are by Balmer, and many of them are very clever. We must in particular specify, the two views of Tynemouth, the entrance to Shields Harbour, and the views of Holy Island and Bamborough Castle; these are worthy to be coupled with, and in execution far surpass, the scenes in *Stanfield's Coast Scenery*, of which Parts 9 & 10 are before us; some of the engravers employed in this publication have done but scant justice to our first marine painter, but the 'Martello Tower' by W. B. Cooke, (in Part 10,) is a beautiful thing.

We cannot give any very high praise to Mr. Grant's 'Penny Wedding,' a series of six prints, with accompanying letter-press, illustrative of a homely, hearty northern custom. He has attempted, but not reached, the vivacity and national simplicity of Wilkie; and among his Scottish figures are some which would pass unremarked on the sunny side of Regent Street; the bridegroom, for instance, in the third plate, who is every inch a cockney.

The first two numbers of Mr. Shaw's *Encyclopædia of Ornament* are here before us, and they promise well for its taste and utility; some of the ancient specimens are of an amazing richness: the arabesque on the lining of a door from the palace of Heidelberg might almost, for its elegance, and the classical quality of its forms, have been stolen from Pompeii, instead of the banks of the Neckar. With this work we may mention the same artist's *Specimens of Ancient Furniture*, and his *Specimens of the details of Elizabethan Architecture*, as proceeding with unrelaxed care and spirit; the former has reached its fifteenth, the latter its fifth part.

*Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. illustrated, in a series of views drawn from nature, by W. H. Bartlett, and William Purser*; with descriptions of the plates, by John Carne, Esq.—The Holy Land has of late been found a profitable domain by our artists; and accordingly Carmel, and Jerusalem, and Nazareth, now take their turn among the lakes of England, and the glaciers of Switzerland, and the richly-traditioned ruins of the Rhine. This is one of the many beautiful works, which the taste for this priest-pilgrimage has called forth: the drawings are carefully executed. Perhaps, as a whole, they are somewhat too soft, too silken in texture; and, in this admirably fitted for their accompanying letter-press, which is furnished by one whose style, though easy, is too honeyed; but we are here wandering into another department.



If the world is beginning to be kindled into curiosity about the localities of the Old and New Testament, it would not seem therefore to have dropped its old interests; at least, if we are to take the illustrations of Shakespeare, which are constantly appearing, as our example. Here is a new Shakespeare Gallery, to consist of female heads only, published by Tilt, and superintended by Heath. We are not satisfied, nor was it likely that we should be, with this work: the sweetest of the collection—the 'Viola,' whom Mr. Meadows has dreamed of and painted, is not our Viola; and as for Mr. J. Hayter's 'Beatrice,' out upon her! Shakespeare's inimitable lady, as sportive as air, but as true and keen as a diamond, was no short-faced, puritanical, elderly maiden. Mr. Meadows's 'Anne Page,' is pretty, but too lack-a-daisical. Master Slender would have been rather encouraged in his platitudes, than have been dashed and dumb-founded by her presence, were this a faithful portrait. Then again, Mr. Leslie's tall and chubby 'Perdita,' strangely mis-illustrates that sweetest of all love-scenes, in the Winter's Tale: she has none of the unconscious, unborrowed grace of the King's daughter. Mr. Bostock's 'Ophelia' is better; Mr. John Hayter's 'Helena,' of a genteel and decided character. In the next number, however, he has made a drawing which we cannot forgive, and called it 'Rosalind.' The 'Juliet' of Mr. Parris is one of his best designs, and we much like Mr. Meadows's 'Isabella,' who approaches the nearest to Shakespeare of any of the series. The worst of these heads, however, looks poetical and natural, if we return to it from a series of German *Outlines to the Tempest*, here before us. It was unwise in any publisher to risk the production of such a counterfeit, when "the true prince" has so recently issued his illustrations of *Romeo and Juliet*.

From these we make a long step to two French works, the *Gil Blas* and the *Molière*, the one enriched with six hundred designs by Gigoux, the other with a still larger number, by Tony Johannot. We have already gossiped about these works; we could hardly say enough in praise of the spirit and character and costume of these vignettes, or the admirable manner in which they are rendered; but the illustrations which accompany the English translation of *Gil Blas*, are inferior in clearness and delicacy to those of the original French edition.—Here, too, we may notice two superb specimens of the recently-discovered style of medallion engraving, brought to such rare perfection by M. Collas, the grand portrait of Louis Philippe, and the copy of Mr. Henning's *bas relief* from the Canterbury Pilgrimage; the effect given to these is as extraordinary as it is admirable, and it is difficult to believe that the eye is only beholding a plain surface, so literally are the most bold and delicate gradations of relief rendered.

We may now proceed to notice works of art in progress, and this we must do briefly. But we cannot let Nos. 19 & 20 of Turner's magnificent *England and Wales* pass without two words—one of satisfaction at the excellence with which the work is sustained, one of regret at the manner with which this admirable artist thinks it necessary to light up or cloud over his landscapes; forgetting wholly, it is to be feared, the nature and the grace of repose. Pickering's beautiful edition of Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, has reached the ninth Part; the landscape illustrations by Stothard are something disappointing; nor do they seem to us quite so carefully executed as the plates in the earlier numbers. The new issue of *Lodge's Portraits* has reached the fifty-third number. And here is the third number of a work, which ought at once to be precious to the antiquarians, and to take away the occupation of autograph collectors: *The Fac-similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities, engraved and lithographed under the direction of C. J. Smith*; for in these, together with the exact counterpart of the writing of the celebrated party, is given in many cases, a portrait, a sketch of his residence. We must mention Mr. Roscoe's *Wanderings through North Wales*, (at its thirteenth number,) and Dr. Beattie's *Switzerland* (at its twenty-sixth number,) as proceeding with their accustomed excellence. *The Memorials of Oxford*, (of which we have No. 5, before us,) may be included in our commendation. *Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland*, though the scenes are sufficiently various and cleverly executed, is a work of a lower order of merit than the above.

*Winkles' Cathedrals* has improved as it has progressed. We have here before us exterior and interior views of Rochester, Winchester, and Lincoln, to justify our commendation; the work has reached its twenty-first number. With these we may mention Nos. 3 to 9 of the same artist's *Continental Cathedrals*, which are devoted to Notre Dame de Paris, the cathedrals of Chartres, Beauvais, Evreux, and Rouen; in some of the drawings by Mr. Garland, the effects of perspective and light and shade are exaggerated. We shall close our notice with admiring the fifth part of Mr. W. B. Cooke's *Rome*, and the third of the *Graphic Illustrations of Johnson*; we should mention likewise, the re-issue of *Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron*; the plates are said to be placed in their original state; we confess that we can see, or fancy we see, a difference.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE PACHA'S BRIDAL: with THE QUAKER; THE MAN ABOUT TOWN; and MISCHIEF-MAKING. On Monday and Tuesday, THE PACHA'S BRIDAL; THE MARRIED BACHELOR; and a new Scottish Operatic Entertainment, called THE GABERLUNZIE MAN. On Wednesday, (For the benefit of Mr. Wilson), THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH: A MUSICAL MELANGE; to conclude with A SCOTTISH OPERA.

### THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Having been perfected in all its departments, and being universally declared to be the most splendid Theatre in Europe, will Open for the Season on Thursday next, September 29th, 1836, when will be performed an entirely new Burlesque (written by Boz) called THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN—(The Strange Gentleman Mr. Harley, his first appearance at this Theatre); after which (first time) THE SHAM PRINCE; to be followed by MONSIEUR L'ÉQUESTRE to conclude with (first time) THE TRADESMAN'S BALL—Principal Characters Mr. Harley, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Daly (his first appearance)—Mad. Sala, Miss Smith, Miss J. Smith (their first appearance). The Box-office will be opened on Monday.—Boxes 5s., second price 3s.; Pit 3s., second price 2s.; Gallery 1s. 6d., second price 1s.

## MISCELLANEA

We have received the following letter from Professor Stevelli, in answer to Mr. McGauley's letter concerning the remarks made by that gentleman and Dr. Ritchie upon his electro-magnetic apparatus, which recently appeared in our columns. The Professor must be heard in his turn, but, with the publication of his reply, the subject must be closed, as far as we are concerned.

Belfast, September, 10th, 1836.

SIR,—In the *Athenæum* of September 16th I observe a letter from Mr. McGauley, in which he complains that Dr. Ritchie and Professor Stevelli "thought proper to defer their observations (on a paper he had read before Section A of the British Association,) until after he had retired from the Section, as it deprived him (Mr. McGauley) of the opportunity of showing the injustice of Professor Ritchie's very bitter, &c. attacks." Now, to all this it may be replied, that Dr. Ritchie began his remarks the very moment Mr. McGauley ended his communication; and I can scarcely conceive it possible for Mr. McGauley to have left the platform before Dr. Ritchie had uttered the sentence he complains of. As soon as Dr. Ritchie had concluded I addressed the Section: my object was not to attack either Mr. McGauley or Dr. Ritchie, although in some things I expressed my dissent from both. I should think that there was scarcely a paper read before the Section upon which remarks were not made, and most commonly dissent expressed, upon such points as required dissent; and I am not aware that any other person considered these as attacks. If Mr. McGauley left the Section before the discussion upon his paper closed, I cannot see the justice of his complaint, or how he could reasonably expect the President or members to stop the proceedings of the Section during his absence. His statements were then public property, and it was, I should think, rather complimentary to him to discuss them—I, at all events, said nothing disrespectful to him, or of which I am at all ashamed. To the observations which I then made I now deliberately adhere, after having had the advantage of Mr. McGauley's remarks upon them. Mr. McGauley had stated to the Section, in words, I believe, identical with those in your Report, No. 461, p. 608—viz. that "the action of the magnets, rather than their masses, must be united; but in this new difficulties occur: their action must be simultaneous, or the machine will be broken or ineffective." And, a little farther on—"but let us suppose that we have obtained a simultaneous reversion of the poles and throwing off of the bar—a thing totally impossible, be conceived, from, &c. How shall this action be applied to machinery? If the fly-wheel of a steam-engine, from the shutting off of the steam, be not impelled by the engine while it continues in motion, it drags the piston, uninjured, through the cylinder; but suppose something to retain the piston in one position, without stopping the wheel, the effect were [would be?] highly injurious. This is exactly what must frequently happen in electro-magnetism. It is impossible to reverse the poles in such a manner that the position of the bars shall always correspond with the position of the crank and fly-wheel." Now, to all this I replied, that it was not in these circumstances that I anticipated any practical difficulty, I felt convinced any difficulty in these points could be obviated by the judicious use of slipping couplings. To this opinion I now adhere—and to the judgment of practical men I submit the question. As to whether or not everybody knows these

simple contrivances, or whether or not Mr. McGauley was ignorant of them, I cannot say; but sure I am, for I have seen them, that they have been applied to perform tasks precisely similar to those Mr. McGauley pronounces to be impossibilities. As to the "planning and executing of mechanical contrivances, particularly in electro-magnetic experiments," being "extremely different," I do not admit what this implies. A motion, begun by electro-magnetic influence, is just governed by the same laws to which other motions are subject, and the mechanical contrivances that will regulate and have regulated others will control them.

Mr. McGauley closes his letter thus:—"Although he (Professor Stevelli) insinuates that an electro-magnet of 1000lb. lifting power may be considered as a very successful experiment, electro-magnets of vastly superior power have long since been obtained." Now, Sir, I "insinuated" nothing, nor is it my habit. I used, as nearly as I could remember, the numbers suggested by Mr. McGauley's own paper. But I now deny that any electro-magnet has been described which, at the distance of the sixteenth of an inch, could sustain 1000 lb.—that is, within 8 lb. of 9 cwt. This, my argument, I admit, requires, not insinuates. If such a magnet has been produced, I am ignorant of it; and should be happy to hear from Mr. McGauley the particulars of its description. But to show Mr. McGauley how little the argument I used is affected by the settlement of this question, I shall now suppose that an electro-magnet was produced, which, should, through a space of one inch, exercise an average lifting power of 1000 cwt. or 50 tons, or 112,000 lb. I shall also suppose that the pendulum of his engine should fly back and forward once each second of time through this inch. The engine would, in that case, carry  $112,000 \times 60 \div 12$  lb., or 560,000 lb., through one foot per minute: and dividing this by 44,000, we shall find a quotient a little less than 13, which, trivial as it is, would, therefore, be the horsepower of such an engine. This, I conceive, is the true difficulty or disadvantage of electro-magnetism as a motive power, even where the engine is stationary: as applied to locomotive engines the objections would be different, and much more serious. I remain, Sir, &c.

JOHN STEVELLY.

*Meteorology.*—According to the observations of M. Peltier, the greater part of the clouds of last year were electrical, and almost all of these positively so. This year, almost all the clouds are neutral, and those few which are electric, have the negative fluid. M. Peltier earnestly invites those who possess the opportunities, to extend observations of this nature in mountainous countries.

*German Literature.*—The number of works produced annually in Germany is 7,882. In 1828 there were only 5,654; from this time till 1831 about the same. The number of philosophical works has been reduced nearly one-half during the last fifty years, while those relating to trade and manufactures, published in 1786 and 1836 are in the proportion of 1 to 8. It appears, therefore, that the Germans are, in a great measure, delivered from that mania for philosophical systems which was so rife among them during the two last centuries, and that for the last fifty years the commercial and industrial sciences have occupied the greater part of their attention.—*Bibliographie de la France*, No. 30.

*Newspaper Statistics.*—There are in Spain only 12 newspapers; in Portugal, 17; in Switzerland, 36; in Belgium, 62; in Denmark, 80; in Austria, 82; in Russia and Poland, 84; in Holland, 150; in England, 274; in France 234; in Prussia, 288; and in the other German States, 305; in Australia, 9; in Africa, 12; in Asia, 27; and in America, 1,138. The number of newspapers published in Europe, is 2148.

*Giant.*—A native of the village of La Reid, in Belgium, who was drum-major in the army of the Netherlands in 1828, is now at Parma, and has grown to the height of 8 feet 4 inches.

*French Steamers.*—A grand French enterprise of steamers in the Mediterranean is nearly completed. Ten of them, each of 500 tons, and magnificently fitted up on English models, are in the port of Marseilles, ready to commence the service. There are to be two lines, one from Marseilles to Constantinople, the other from Athens to Alexandria. They will intersect each other at the little island of Syra, and exchange passengers and despatches. Between Marseilles and Constantinople they will touch at Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Messina, Malta, Syra, and Smyrna. The departures will be so managed that three times per month three steamers, one coming from Marseilles, the second from Constantinople and Smyrna, and the third from Alexandria, will arrive at the central station at Syra; so that a person at Marseilles can receive on the 29th day an answer to a letter written to Constantinople or Alexandria, while at present forty-five or fifty days are employed in going and returning between Marseilles and either of those places.—*Mining Journal*.



## ADVERTISEMENT

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.** Session 1836-7.—The WINTER SESSION will commence on Saturday, 1st October, when Dr. Thomson will deliver an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE**, at Two o'clock precisely.

**CLASSES** (in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day):—

**MEDICINE, PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE**—John Elliottson, M.D. F.R.S.

**MIDWIFERY AND DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN**—David D. Davis, M.D.

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Courses of Lectures will be delivered during the Summer on Botany, Pathological Anatomy, Medical Jurisprudence, Elements of Natural Philosophy, Practical Chemistry, and the Demonstrations of the Operations of Surgery. Full particulars will be announced before the end of the Winter Session.

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August 12. **EDWARD TURNER, Dean.**

**CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary.**

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**ENGLISH LITERATURE**—The Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on SATURDAY, the 1st October, when an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE** will be given by Dr. Ferguson, at 2 o'clock precisely in the afternoon.

Sept. 18, 1836. **W. CHICHESTER, Principal.**

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Sept. 21, 1836.

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Demonstrations by Mr. E. Cock and Mr. Hilton.

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Lectures and Demonstrations in Morbid Anatomy.—Dr. Hodgkin.

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Penury.—Mr. G. J. Johnson, Esq., will give the Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence.—Mr. A. Taylor.

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